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CELEBRATION AT AURIESVILLE, N. Y., THE SCENE OF THE MARTYRDOM.

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The martyrs of the Mohawk;
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THE MARTYRS OF THE MOHAWK

BLESSED ISAAC JOGUES
BLESSED RENÉ GOUPIL
BLESSED JOHN LALANDE
OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

17165

BY THE

REV. T. J. CAMPBELL, S.J.

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Apostleship of Prayer
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PREFACE

THE beatification by the Holy See of the eight North American Martyrs, Jogues, de Brébeuf, Lalemant, Chabanel, Garnier, Daniel, Goupil and Lalande makes a biography of each of these heroes almost imperative. A sketch of Father Jogues, now out of print, was written years ago for the "Pioneer Priests of North America," but as the volume in which it appeared was restricted to a study of the Iroquois Missions, the account of his labors among the Hurons and Algonquins had to be relegated to the other volumes of the series which described the conditions that prevailed among those tribes. The present publication has united in one consecutive narrative these three periods of his great career; a short account of his two companions Goupil and Lalande has been added and the book ends with a description of Ossernenon which the blood of these three has converted into a sanctuary.

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CHAPTER I.

THE IROQUOIS

MICHELET, the French historian, writing in the *Révue des Deux Mondes* of January 1863, informs his readers that "The early Jesuit Missionaries in Canada enjoyed an absolutely epicurean existence in that vast region which they allowed no one else to enter." On the other hand, René Doumic, a most competent judge of French literature, describes Michelet as a writer who "rather conjures up history than relates it." (The Cath. Encyclopedia, vi, 202.) Far from being epicurean in any possible sense of that word, the daily and hourly life of these heroic men was an incessant and horrible martyrdom.

Parkman in his "Jesuits in North America" (p. 24) describes Le Jeune's initial experiences among the Algonquins of the St. Lawrence as follows: "Passing over numerous adventures by water and land, we find the party leaving their canoes on an island, and wading ashore at low tide over the flats of the southern bank of the St. Lawrence. . . .Leaving the river

behind, they entered those savage highlands, a wilderness of rugged mountain ranges, clad in dense, continuous forests, with no human tenant but this troop of miserable rovers, and here and there some kindred band as miserable as they. Winter had set in, and already dead nature was sheeted in funereal white. Lakes and ponds were frozen, rivulets sealed up, torrents encased with stalactites of ice; the black rocks and the black trunks of the pine trees were beplastered with snow, and its heavy masses crushed the dull green boughs into the drift beneath. The forest was as silent as the grave.

"Through this desolation the long file of Indians made its way, all on snowshoes, each man, woman and child bending under a heavy load, or dragging a sledge, narrow, but of prodigious length. They carried their whole wealth with them, on their backs, or on their sledges: kettles, axes, bales of meat if such they had, and huge rolls of birch bark for covering their wigwams. The Jesuit was loaded like the rest. The dogs alone floundered through the drifts unburdened. There was neither path nor level ground. Descending, climbing, stooping beneath half fallen trees, clambering over piles of prostrate trunks,

struggling through matted cedar swamps, threading chill ravines, and crossing streams no longer visible, they toiled on till the day began to decline, then stopped to encamp. Burdens were thrown down and sledges unladen. The squaws with knives and hatchets cut long poles of birch and spruce saplings, while the men, with snowshoes for shovels, cleared a round or square space in the snow which formed an upright wall three or four feet high enclosing the area of the wigwam. On one side a passage was cut for an entrance, and the poles were planted around the top of the wall of snow, sloping and converging. On these poles were spread the sheets of birch bark; a bearskin was hung in the passageway for a door; the bare ground within and the surrounding snow were covered with spruce boughs and the work was done. . .

"Put aside the bearskin and enter the hut. Here in a space some thirteen feet square were packed nineteen savages, men, women and children, with their dogs, crouched, squatted, coiled like hedgehogs, or lying on their backs with knees drawn up perpendicularly to keep their feet out of the fire. . . The bark covering was full of crevices through which the icy blasts streamed in from all sides, and the hole

above, at once chimney and window, was so large that as he lay, (the missionary) could watch the stars as well as in the open air. While the fire in the midst, fed with fat pine knots scorched him on one side, on the other he had much ado to keep from freezing. At times, however the crowded hut seemed heated to the temperature of an oven. But these evils were light when compared to the intolerable plague of smoke. During a snowstorm, and often at other times the wigwam was filled with fumes so dense, stifling and acrid, that all its inmates were forced to lie flat on their faces, breathing through mouths in contact with the cold earth. Then throats and nostrils felt as if on fire. . . .And when Le Jeune attempted to read, the letters of his breviary seemed printed in blood. The dogs were not an unmixed evil; for by sleeping on and around him they kept him warm at night, but as an offset to this good service, they walked, ran and jumped over him as he lay, snatched the food from his birchen dish, or in a mad rush at some bone or discarded morsel, now and then overset both dish and missionary. . . .

"Repeatedly, before the spring, they were threatened with starvation. Nor was their case exceptional. It was the ordinary winter life of

all those northern tribes. The desertion or the killing of the aged, sick and disabled, occasional cannibalism and frequent death from famine were natural incidents of an existence which was but a desperate pursuit of the mere necessaries of life under the worst conditions of hardship, suffering and debasement."

The Algonquins who are here described were relatively gentle creatures when compared with the Iroquois who were the most savage of the Northern American tribes. The English called them the Five Nations, from the fact that they formed a confederacy consisting of the Mohawks, Onondagas, Oneidas, Cayugas and Senecas. They called themselves The Hodenosaunee, or People of the Long House, from the character of their dwellings which accommodated several families. The central point of the Confederacy was Onondaga. Collectively they occupied the whole Mohawk Valley.

As their language was an offshoot of the Huron, it was possible for the missionary who had labored in Canada to make himself more or less intelligible in New York. Thus we find Le Moyne addressing the council at Onondaga in Huron, immediately on his arrival. They were not numerous and scarcely

ever exceeded sixteen or seventeen thousand. La Hontan's estimate of seventy thousand is generally regarded as absurd. But few as they were they struck terror into the Dutch, French, and English, as well as all their Indian foes. Dablon was in dread of them, far up the Saguenay; they organized expeditions against the Illinois; they annihilated the Hurons near the Great Lakes; and went to war with the Andastes of Pennsylvania, and the Crees of Tennessee. This constant warfare, of course, drained their strength, and disease and drunkenness helped the work of destruction; but they kept up their numbers by adopting many of the captives whom they had seized in their raids.

They were an intelligent race, but unfortunately having determined to destroy or assimilate all the other nations, they directed all their energies to the prosecution of war. They knew nothing of agriculture, and were satisfied with the maize, beans and squash raised by their squaws. The mystery of well-digging was too deep for them, so they had to keep close to the lakes and river courses to live. They have left no pottery of any value, and being ignorant of the textile arts, made their clothing of the skins of wild beasts.

They lived in towns, which were protected by two or three lines of palisades, but they quickly adopted, in their rude fashion, the European methods of defense. Their houses were arched constructions, sometimes 120 feet in length, and were covered with bark, and shaped something like a grape arbor. Of course, they were swarming with vermin and reeking with disease. They were divided off into sections or stalls, to accommodate the several families that occupied them, but without any pretense or possibility of privacy. The fires were built in a line down the middle of the lodge, and the smoke escaped from the top.

Their personal habits were filthy in the extreme. Bruyas speaks of that as one of his tortures. They ate the most disgusting things, and boasted of their prowess in that regard. Yet, though voracious gluttons, they starved uncomplainingly when food was lacking—which was often. They knew nothing of the laws of health, though Lafitau tells us of their use of lotions and poultices, and attributes to them some skill in setting bones, and in making incisions with their stone knives, but the reader of the *Relations* will find such medical treatment rare. Incantations are

mostly in evidence, and some of the results achieved by the medicine men, as well as some of their predictions, were so startling that they were attributed by the missionaries to diabolical intervention. Mostly, however, their sorcerers were ridiculous charlatans.

Morally, the Iroquois were very degraded, and the abominations of the villages are only hinted at in the *Relations*. They were thieves and gamblers, of course. There was no reason for their being polygamists, because their marriages, which the mothers of the parties concerned generally arranged, could be broken at will. The women were corrupt from girlhood, and after a few years became degraded and hideous drudges. At times, however, they were consulted by the council, and in certain contingencies could nominate a chief. The line of descent was always reckoned through them. The children were never punished, and were allowed to grow up like animals, though Garnier tells us of many of his Senecas who were extremely watchful over the morality of their offspring.

Their cruelty, which was fiendish, was made worse by an affectation of tenderness for their victim, even while they were burning and gashing his limbs, or making him writhe in

agony at the stake. It is not generally adverted to, that they were atrocious cannibals. De Lamberville informs us that 600 captives were killed and eaten in a single expedition against the Illinois. In de Denonville's attack on the Senecas the Ottawas are credited with digging up the dead and devouring them. Even little children would be plucked from the mother's breast and boiled and eaten. Radisson gives us some details which the priests do not dare to describe. The head and heart of the victim was the portion of the chief, the carcass was tossed to the crowd.

They had a very vague idea of a Supreme Deity. Their chief object of worship was Agreskoué, the God of War, who is often confounded or synonymous with the Sun. General Clark has no hesitation in describing this as "literally *devil worship*." When Jogues learned of the character of this worship every fibre of his being revolted. He could not and did not submit to the requirements demanded, and was willing to abide the consequences. In the belief of the younger Mohawks, his actions in prostrating himself before the cross, in baptizing persons and infants, and in short, all his movements, were interpreted as the

acts of a sorcerer, antagonistic to their great god Agreskoué.

Their adoration of the Great Spirit, as now practised, and which is sometimes adduced as proof of their intelligence, was taught to them as late as 1669, by Father Pierron, and was subsequently adopted even by pagan Indians. They had nothing corresponding to a priesthood, and each brave had his *oki* or *manitou*, which he adopted after a protracted period of fasting and seclusion. Animate or inanimate beings might be *okis*, and even men could be regarded as such. Father Jogues had that distinction. Some symbol of this personal divinity was always carefully kept, and absolute trust was put in it. It was spoken to as if it were gifted with intelligence. What rites were practised at the secret meetings of the False Faces or Masks only the initiated knew.

All these horrible propensities were, of course, more unrestrained than ever when the Europeans introduced their firewater. The scenes that occurred when men, women and children were wild with liquor, the missionaries do not attempt to describe in detail. So, also, they are very reserved in speaking of the dances, incantations, and the orgies of the dream-feasts, and the like. In a word, the

Indian was quite the reverse of the "noble savage," such as the novelists describe him. Though intelligent, he was commonly a furious and degraded creature, sodden with every kind of vice. Of the Iroquois, especially, Parkman says: "No race, perhaps, ever offered greater difficulties to those laboring for its improvement." (p. lxxxix).

Nevertheless, the impression made by the missionaries on them was very great and lasting. Many of them were led to the practice of Christian morality. They were taught to pray, to practise virtue, to receive the Sacraments. We even hear of sodalities among them, and not a few attained to extraordinary sanctity. Constant wars, however, prevented a wider spiritual conquest; and when the wars were over there were no Iroquois. They were either dead or driven to the Far West.

CHAPTER II.

THE APOSTLE

THE Apostle of the Iroquois was Father Isaac Jogues, than whom there is no more fascinating figure in American history. Parkman and other Protestant writers are enthusiastic in his praise and describe in detail all the incidents of his heroic career. Catholics of course admire and love him and, it is said that Gilmary Shea's manuscript "Life of Father Jogues" was stained with the author's tears. His character is in striking contrast with that of the bold, aggressive and almost martial de Brébeuf, but perhaps that is the reason he appeals so strongly to ordinary people.

He was born at Orleans, January 10, 1607. The cathedral of the city is dedicated to the Holy Cross, which may explain Jogues' repeated description of himself as a "citizen of the Holy Cross." He was baptized, however, in the Church of St. Hilary, a patron he was often sorely in need of. They gave him in baptism the curious name of Isaac, for it was

the fashion among the French Catholics of those days to imitate their Protestant neighbors in adopting names from the Old Testament. Thus Isaac, and Samuel, and Joshua, and David, and even Shadrach appear frequently on the registers of those days. There is such a Calvinistic ring about it, however, that one Canadian historian will have it that Champlain was not originally a Catholic because his name was Samuel. But the inference is not correct.

The family of Jogues still resides at Orleans. For some time after the departure of their great representative for Canada they were known as Jogues de Guédreville, but that name is now no longer used, and they are called de Dreuzy. It will be of interest to Americans to know that there was a Vicomtesse de Dreuzy, a German-American, born in New York. Her father was also a native of the city, while her mother was from Bogota. The maiden name of the Vicomtesse was de Lüttgen.

Another coincidence is that their house faces the church of Notre Dame de Recouvrance. This was the title given by Champlain to the church he erected in Quebec after "recovering" Canada. Under the sanc-

tuary of Notre Dame de Recouvrance in Orleans, repose the remains of the family of Jogues de Guédreville, some of whom were eminent in their native city.

The courtesy of the distinguished Curator of the Musée Historique d'Orléans put at our disposal the family crest whose peculiar quarterings it will be hard for our democracy to interpret. It consists of two stags' heads *regardants avec cols arrachés,* with a silver lake below on which a water fowl is floating, while in the centre rises a rock from which gushes a fountain. The Jogues de Guédreville were of noble blood.

Jogues' first schooling was at Rouen, but at seventeen he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Paris. Shea says it was at Rouen, and Rouvier in his *Apôtre Esclave* agrees with him, while Rochemonteix pronounces for Paris. Perhaps he was in both. They all concur, however, in giving him as novice-master the famous Louis Lallemant, whose spiritual maxims, published long after his death under the title *"Doctrine Spirituelle",* are well known.

When the young novice was asked what he was seeking by entering the Society and replied: "Ethiopia and martyrdom," Lallemant said: "Not so, my child. You will die in

Canada." It turned out to be true, but there is no need of regarding the utterance as a prophecy.

When his studies and teaching were over, he embarked for Quebec, and after two stormy months on the ocean he set foot on the shores of the New World, July 2, 1636. He was then twenty-nine years of age. On the vessel with him was Champlain's successor, the great Montmagny, whom the Indians called Onontio, which is a translation of his name, and means Big Mountain, a title given to all subsequent rulers of Quebec. Onondaga is a word from the same root.

Fortunately we have the first letter that Jogues sent home. It was to his "Honored Mother," as he called her in the dignified fashion of those days, and was written immediately after his first Mass in America. He had been looking at the vast river, the like of which he had never seen before. He had already met the painted red men at whose hands he might at any moment expect death; but the far West to which he was to go was still a mystery for him, yet he told his "Honored Mother": "I do not know what it is to enter Heaven, but this I know—that it is difficult to experience in this world a joy

more excessive and more overflowing than I felt on setting foot in the New World, and celebrating my first Mass on the day of the Visitation. I felt as if it were Christmas Day for me, and that I was to be born again to a new life and a life in God."

A glimpse of the future was afforded him some seven weeks later when he was standing on the bank of the St. Lawrence, near the stockade which in course of time has grown into the city of Three Rivers. Down the stream was coming a flotilla of canoes, in the first of which sat Father Daniel, barefooted and bareheaded, his cassock in rags, and his breviary suspended by a string around his neck, and, though haggard and extenuated by hunger and fatigue, plying his paddle as vigorously as any redskin. Thirteen years after that, Daniel fell pierced with arrows and was then flung into the blazing ruins of his little chapel. But the light-hearted hero cared little what fate was in store for him as he sprang ashore on that August morning to embrace the new soldier who was going to the battlefield to fight for God.

Daniel was to remain in Quebec for a short time, but the Hurons would not return to their home without a priest. So Jogues took

his place in the canoe and set out for Lake Huron. A glance at the map will show what that means, but a detailed description by Bressani, who made the same journey ten years later, will help us better to appreciate its hardships.

"The distance," he says, "is about 900 miles over dangerous rivers and great lakes whose storms are like those of the ocean, especially on one, which is 1,200 miles in circumference. The greatest danger, however, is on the rivers. I say 'rivers' because there are several, and we can only follow the St. Lawrence for 400 miles. After that we have to make our way over other lakes and streams which we reach by skirting rapids and precipices until we finally arrive at the great Lake Huron, which is known as the 'Fresh Water Sea.'

"On our journey we met with about sixty cascades, some of them falling from a great height. To get around them we have to carry our boats and provisions and luggage, or at times drag our canoes through the rapids for four, eight, or ten miles; a labor which is attended with great peril, for often the water is up to our waists or necks, and is very cold, and if we are caught in the current we are

in danger of being swept away and lost. But it is commonly to be preferred to the portage, which means making our way in our bare feet through dense forests, or through pools and marshes, where we have to wade, helping ourselves perhaps by a fallen tree which may serve as a bridge, but is often as dangerous and disagreeable as the water and mud. Swarms of insects follow us, and there is also constant danger of dying from starvation. For on these journeys, the provisions, which are nothing but corn, have to be carried for going and returning; and to lighten the load a portion is often concealed in the woods to be used when going back, but these stores are frequently discovered by other Indians, or dug up by bears or rotted by the rain and moisture. In any of these events we have nothing to do but to fast, and paddle away until by hunting or fishing we obtain some relief. If the journey is made late in the year, there is a likelihood of finding the rivers and lakes frozen, and then there is danger of dying of hunger and cold; or if we escape that, we may have to spend six months in the woods, hunting to live rather than journeying to reach the desired country. Arriving there, other difficulties await us." He says nothing of the lurking

Iroquois all along the route from whom a horrible death could be expected at any moment.

Such was Jogues' first experience of missionary life. Living on Indian corn and water, sleeping on rocks and in the woods, paddling day after day against a rapid current, dragging heavy burdens over the long portages, a part of the time with a sick Indian boy on his shoulders, were not things he had been brought up to, but he survived it all and with a light heart staggered through the triple stockade of the Indian town of Ihonitiria, and fell into the arms of de Brébeuf and his companions whose delight was greater, because his coming was unexpected.

His cheerful appearance was only assumed. In a few days he was down with a fever which the others caught from him, and the bark cabin became a hospital, but with only mats for beds, and a decoction of roots for their whole supply of drugs. Le Mercier writes: "We had a hen which gave us an egg but not every day. We used to watch for the egg and then debate as to who should *refuse it.*"

Jogues' condition became alarming. He was bleeding profusely from the nostrils and

the blood could not be staunched. It may go against modern practice, but the *Relations* tell us "hence we decided to bleed him. The great question was where to find a surgeon. *We were all so skilful in this trade that the patient did not know who should open the vein for him, and every one of us was waiting for the benediction of the Father Superior to take the lance and do the work.*" Ordinary people would like to have better medical assurance than a benediction. So Father Jogues, whose whole surgical experience consisted in "having bled a savage very successfully on the way up," took the lance and did it himself, furnishing thus a fair sample of the cool courage he had at command. The *Relations* very naïvely say in referring to a "savage who was bled successfully" that what was wanting in skill was supplied by charity.

When the missionaries recovered, a pestilence broke out among the people, and hundreds of them died. The medicine men tried to conjure it away, and when the wild and indecent orgies which they ordered were ineffectual, they blamed the pestilence and their own failure on the missionaries and clamored for their death.

Jogues had arrived at Ihonitiria in Septem-

ber 1636 and about the middle of October was able to undertake some kind of work. The other patients had likewise recovered, and from a hospital the missionaries' cabin became a schoolroom. All of them plunged into the study of Huron under the direction of Father de Brébeuf, although their household arrangements were little better than those of the Indians. The only single room of the cabin was the chapel; the rest of it was kitchen, dining room and dormitory. To eat, they squatted on the floor, and the only dish in the kitchen was a huge bark bowl of sagamité; an article of diet which was, we are told, like an adhesive liquid paste. Salt was unknown. The beds were strips of bark, but there were no sheets even for the sick. The wigwam in cold weather was usually full of smoke, and, at night, the only way to read one's breviary was by the light of the fire.

The Fathers rose at four and made an hour's meditation. They then began the Masses which lasted till eight. After that hour, the Indians were admitted and remained till four in the afternoon. The examen of conscience was made at two, followed by dinner, during which a chapter of the Bible was read and at

supper the *Philagie de Jésus*. The grace was said in Huron, because of the Christian Indians who were present, the pagans having been dismissed at four, at which time Matins and Lauds were recited in common; and a consultation of three quarters of an hour was held, followed by a study of the language until supper which was taken at 6:30. At 8 o'clock the litanies and examen ended the day.

Meantime an epidemic had broken out among the Indians and was spreading through the whole country, and to meet the emergency the missionaries established a sort of medical service, if one can call it such. At least it gave them an excuse to enter the huts of the savages. Their pharmacopeia was of the most limited and almost ludicrous description. Thus a small package of senna did service for more than fifty patients; the smallest dose of it however sometimes operated most unexpected cures, not so much because of the efficacy of the drug, but because of the conviction of the sufferers about its healing power. The results were even diverting at times. Thus a chief came to ask for a cure for his sister's agonizing headaches, and he wanted an ointment that he had seen applied to an ulcer. When told that the ointment was useless he

persisted and took three packages of white, red and green stuff, which he mixed together and with the compound plastered the forehead of the afflicted squaw. She was cured or thought she was.

In spite of the infectious atmosphere, the Fathers went everywhere and succeeded in baptizing more than 1200 persons. So Father Jogues wrote to his brother, a Capuchin in France. It was at least a slight victory, but it was won in the midst of the most shocking and often obscene rites which the Indian sorcerers were practising to propitiate the evil spirits.

CHAPTER III.

TENASTAUYÉ

IN 1637 the first New York Indian was baptized by Father de Brébeuf at Arontaen, a mission post of the Huron country. The story of his capture and his torture after being baptized is told in the *Jesuit Relations* which carry us step by step through the awful stages of this hideous tragedy that was lengthened out through an entire week, until we almost feel that we are witnessing a scene in hell.

In the following year, 1638, another event of the same character occurred in the village of Tenastauyé. The narrator spares us a repetition of the hideous story of Arontaen, and though there were fourteen Iroquois victims, the sufferings of only two are narrated. In the centre of the scene stand Isaac Jogues and his companion Claude de Pijart. It happened that one of the victims was a Mohawk, a member of the very clan with which Jogues was to be forever associated.

The night before his execution he was pinioned to the ground, and his torturers

amused themselves by running hot irons through his hands and feet. "He was like Him," says the narrator, "whose hands and feet were pierced." That night the missionaries found one of the hands lying on the floor of their cabin. The Indians had flung it there to torment the priests, who took it up reverently and buried it near their little altar. Later on, when Jogues sat in the Indian wigwam on the Mohawk and contemplated his own mangled hands, doubtless he thought of his poor convert in far away Tenastauyé.

Another unusual scene occurred at the execution of the fourteen. A Cayuga chief determined to die fighting, and as he was lifted on the platform he seized two of the torches that were to light his funeral pyre and made for the executioners. They fled in consternation, and the bleeding Cayuga started for the village to set it on fire, but a block of wood felled him to the ground, and the Indians were immediately on top of him with their tomahawks. They cut off his hands and feet, but on his knees and elbows he endeavored to crawl toward his enemies who easily overpowered him. They rolled a blazing log over him, and then cut off his head.

Another convert is referred to in the narra-

tion, but only because the Cayuga fighter was worried about the steadiness of this associate in his new found faith and refused to be consoled till the missionary assured him that his companion had died a Christian. Such was Jogues' introduction to savagery in its ultimate expression. As he looked at the charred remains of the fourteen Iroquois converts he understood better the power of Divine grace that could transform these demons into children of God.

If you take the train at Toronto and travel north through the forests, which are still dense enough to attract the hunter but which the lumbermen are rapidly clearing, you arrive at Lake Simcoe, from the northern end of which flows the little River Wye. On that river was built a new mission which was called St. Mary's. It was fortified, because it was intended to be a place of refuge for fugitive Indians, a storehouse for provisions, and a home where the missionaries could come from the woods and lakes to restore their courage by meditation and prayer.

A branch of the Grand Trunk which runs north to Midland and Penetanguishene brings you within a few hundred feet of that once famous establishment. You can still trace the

lines of the walls which are laid in hydraulic cement, and are said to be a puzzle to engineers, for there is no cement in the neighborhood, and it could not have been brought a thousand miles from Quebec. At the four corners are bastions, and around it is a moat now filled with rubbish, but when it was in use, affording easy access for boats from the river and lake.

In 1859, more than two centuries later, Father Martin, who has done more than any one else to revive the heroic memories of those days, was commissioned by the Canadian Government to report on the present conditions of this old fort. He gives us some valuable historic information.

"Without difficulty," he says, "we found the ruins of Fort Ste. Marie. Its walls, in good masonry, rose a metre above the ground. It was in the form of a long parallelogram with bastions at the angles, and in spite of some peculiarities of which at the present day it is difficult to understand the reason, one recognizes in the construction an acquaintance with military engineering carried out with great care. The curtains on the west and north are complete, but there are no traces of them on the south and east. Probably solid palisades

which were subsequently destroyed by fire were placed there. There was no attack to be feared on that side; on those two sides also there is a deep ditch which protects the enclosure. The south one extends to the river and so formed a shelter for the canoes. It widens out into basins at three places. Along this ditch on the south is a vast field protected on the side facing the country by a redan whose earth parapet is still distinguishable. In that field were the wigwams of the visiting Indians, the hospital, and guest-house. At the side of the southeast bastion was a square construction with a very thick wall, doubtless intended as the basis of a future observation tower. We opened a trench on the inside angle of the northeast bastion, and at the depth of 60 centimeters found portions of a burned plank, large nails, pieces of copper and the bones of beavers. The interior constructions were all in wood, which explains how nothing is left except a chimney in ruins."

The soil around was carefully cultivated and produced an abundant harvest. There was such an amount of maize at one time that the Superior thought they had a supply that would last for three years. They kept fowl and swine and cattle, and the wonder is how the animals

were transported to that distant place. It was a God-send for the poor, starving Indians, and at times three or four thousand of them gathered within the walls of St. Mary's. No doubt, while being fed and cared for, they wondered at the unexplainable charity that prompted it all. But it was not only in famine times that they were harbored. On every alternate Saturday they came in crowds from the farthest villages, and during Saturday, Sunday and a part of Monday they were bounteously feasted and of course instructed and made to feel the influence of the solemn religious rites performed in the great church which, for the Indians, was a marvel of beauty, but as Ragueneau deprecatingly wrote, "very poor for the rest of us." Nothing is now left of all this but the stones of the foundation, which for historical, if not for religious, motives ought to be made a public monument.

To this central mission the Fathers all came for their conferences and annual retreats, and possibly it might be of interest to quote the well-known passage of Parkman, even if it is colored somewhat by his poetry and lack of spiritual appreciation. It is found in his "Jesuits in North America." (pp. 369-371.)

"Hither," he says, "while the Fathers are gathered from their scattered stations at one of their periodical meetings, let us, too, repair and join them. We enter at the eastern gate of the fortification, midway in the wall between its northern and southern bastions, and pass to the hall, where at a rude table, spread with ruder fare, all the household are assembled—laborers, domestics, soldiers, priests.

"It was a scene that might recall a remote half-feudal, half-patriarchal age, when under the smoky rafters of his antique hall some warlike thane sat, with kinsmen and dependants ranged down the long board, each in his degree. Here doubtless Ragueneau, the Father Superior, held the place of honor; and for chieftains, scarred with Danish battle-axes, was seen a band of thoughtful men clad in threadbare garb of black, their brows swarthy from exposure, yet marked with the lines of intellect and a fixed enthusiasm of purpose. Here was Bressani, scarred with firebrand and knife; Chabanel, once a professor of rhetoric in France, now a missionary bound by a self-imposed vow to a life from which his nature recoiled; the fanatical Chaumonot, whose character savored of his peasant birth—for the grossest fungus of superstition that ever

grew under the shadow of Rome was not too much for his omnivorous credulity, and mysteries and miracles were his daily food; yet, such as his faith was, he was ready to die for it. Garnier, beardless like a woman, was of a far finer nature. His religion was of the affections and the sentiments; and his imagination, warmed with the ardor of his faith, shaped the ideal forms of his worship into visible realities. Brébeuf sat conspicuous among his brethren, portly and tall, his short moustache and beard grizzled with time—for he was fifty-six years old. If he seemed impassive it was because one overmastering principle had merged and absorbed all the impulses of his nature and all the faculties of his mind. The enthusiasm which with many is fitful and spasmodic was with him the current of his life—solemn and deep as the tide of destiny. The Divine Trinity, the Virgin, the Saints, Heaven and hell, Angels and Fiends—to him these alone were real, all else were naught. . . .

"Of the rest of that company little has come down to us but the bare record of their missionary toils; and we may ask in vain what youthful enthusiasm, what broken hope or faded dream, turned the current of their lives, and sent them from the heart of civilization

to the savage outpost of the world. No element was wanting in them for the achievement of such a success as that to which they aspired —neither a transcendental zeal, nor a matchless discipline, nor a practical sagacity very seldom surpassed in the pursuits where men strive for wealth and place, and if they were destined to disappointment, *it was the result of external causes,* against which no power of theirs could have insured them."

Barring the malignant characterization of Chaumonot, which is like a shot from an ambush, as well as the nonsense about disappointed hopes and faded dreams, the picture is vivid enough to be quoted. We regret that the figure of Jogues does not appear in that "half-feudal, half-patriarchal" group; especially as it was his "practical sagacity very seldom surpassed in the pursuits where men strive for wealth and place" that prompted his Superiors to appoint him to superintend the construction of those very works which Parkman so much admires.

That he was the chief builder of St. Mary's dispels the impression about his being little else than a religious enthusiast eagerly seeking death. On the contrary he was the most practical of all the missionaries. Whatever he

undertook was scrutinized carefully in all its bearings; its difficulties were weighed; its dangers estimated; but "once the word 'go' was given," wrote his Superior, "then neither man nor devil could stop him."

CHAPTER IV.

OJIBWAYS AND PETUNS

THE great structure of St. Mary's naturally drew many of the Indians thither from adjoining parts of the country. This was especially the case when the Ojibways or Chippewas came down from Lake Superior to participate in the solemn decennial feast of the dead with their friends and allies the Hurons.

Astonished at what they saw, they asked for a mission in their own country and Jogues and Raymbault were assigned to the work. They stepped into their little bark canoe on September 17, 1641, and paddled for weeks along the eastern shore of Georgian Bay, and then across the upper reaches of Lake Huron and finally arrived after many dangers and hardships at the place which is now a great centre of commerce, Sault Ste. Marie. The missionaries gave it that name.

You say to the dwellers in those regions: "That must have been a journey of two or three hundred miles," and they smile at your

simplicity and answer: "More like a thousand because of the way a canoe has to travel. A shell like that can never make a cut across the open."

They reached their destination, and it is a distinction worth noting that they were the first white men to stand on the shores of Lake Superior; for though Nicolet had been in those parts before them, yet he had gone down through the Straits of Mackinac and explored Lake Michigan, while they kept on to the north and west.

At the Sault they met 2,000 Indians, whom Jogues addressed in their own language, assuring them that after reporting to his Superior he would establish a mission there. "Then," he added, "after instructing you we shall go thither," and he erected a cross which faced the country of the Sioux, who were settled about the headwaters of the Mississippi. That was thirty years before Marquette started from Mackinac to find the great river, which Jogues would certainly have reached had he been spared. In fact, as we see in Le Jeune's Relation of 1636, all the missionaries were eager to make the attempt. But Jogues never returned to Lake Superior. He was captured by the enemy and killed on the far-off Mo-

hawk. But it is more than likely that by securing the good will of the savages of those parts Jogues made it possible for the great Marquette to be a missionary without being a martyr.

It is very pleasant to meet in *Picturesque America* a description of this scene: "Two hundred and thirty-two years ago," says the writer, "the first white man stood on the shores of Lake Superior. Before him was assembled a crowd of Indians—two thousand Ojibways and other Algonquins — listening with curiosity to the strange tidings he brought, and in some instances allowing the mystic drops to be poured on their foreheads; for like all the first explorers of the lake-country, this man was a missionary. Only religious zeal could brave the wilderness and its savages, cold and hunger, torture and death, for no hope of earthly reward, for no gold mines, for no fountain of youth, but simply for the salvation of souls. And whatever posterity may think of the utility of their work, it must at least admire the courage and devotion of these Fathers, who, almost without exception, laid down their lives for the cause. What can a man do more? Five years later came the turn of this first white man of Lake Superior,

murdered by the Indians in the forests near the Mohawk River."

On his return from the Sault, Jogues was sent with his friend, Father Garnier, to the mission of the Petuns, or Tobacco Indians; so called because of their love for the weed which they cultivated and sold extensively. Their territory lay west of Huronia on what are now called the Blue Hills.

If we scan the map, we shall see that Ossossané, the village of Huronia from which Garnier and Jogues set out is on Nottawasaga Bay. Letting the eye travel along the southern rim of that expanse of water, we find the town of Collingwood. Going northwest from there and continuing up past the inlet, known as Owen Sound as far as the end of the Peninsula which shuts off Georgian Bay from Lake Huron, we have traversed one of the boundaries of the Petun country. Then proceeding south along the shores of the great lake itself, past the present town of Southampton, and keeping on until we reach Goderich, we have arrived at what was probably the southern limit of the territory on the west. From that by running a line eastward to a point perhaps a little below Barrie on Lake Simcoe, we have the frontier between the

Petuns and their neighbors, the Neutrals, on the south.

On their first apostolic expedition the missionaries visited nine villages, to each of which they gave the name of an apostle. With the exception of St. John and St. Barnabas, which are below Collingwood, and consequently near the Huron frontier, the sites of these villages have not yet been determined. "It is the richest mission of all," Garnier wrote to his Superior, "because of the crosses and sufferings you meet here." If it was more abundantly supplied in that respect than Huronia, the missionaries must have abounded in opportunities for penance.

They could not induce any Indian at Ossossané to show them the way, "so we took the Angels for our guides," which every one will admit was better. "We reached the principal village, which we called Sts. Peter and Paul, over roads that were altogether too bad for any one who was not seeking God. Unfortunately about midway in our journey, we missed a little path which would have led us to some cabins near the main trail, so we had to pass the night in a pine wood. It was a damp place, but we could do no better just then; and with some difficulty we found a

few bits of dried wood to make a fire, and some branches to sleep on. There was danger for a time of the snow putting out our fire, but fortunately the storm subsided and, thanks be to God, we passed the night very comfortably." They were easily pleased.

"Next morning we found the cabins that we were looking for, but could not get any corn in the place. However, we had the good fortune to meet a party that was setting out, so we joined them. We were glad to do so for the snow had covered all the trails, and such was the condition of the country all day long that towards night we had to walk a full league by the glitter or glare of the snow, and we reached the village, which we called St. Thomas. We had a good appetite, for we had eaten only a crust of bread that day. While we were wondering if there were any sick people in the neighborhood, a young brave invited us to his cabin and to our delight we found there an old squaw who was at the point of death, and who seemed to be only waiting for our coming. She received us gladly, and we instructed and baptized her."

Other apostolic discoveries of like nature are duly recorded, but the whole country looked at them askance, and angry comments were

heard everywhere about their purpose. The women gathered up their children and fled, screaming out at the top of their voices that the Blackrobes were bringing pestilence and famine to the land; the men scowled at them and every door was shut in their faces—an outrageous breach of hospitality, for the stranger is always free to enter a wigwam. One chief admitted them, but became frightened when he saw them on their knees late in the night. "Now I know you are sorcerers," he cried. "What do you mean by these postures that we have never seen in this country before?" He drove them out by dint of ill treatment, and when they started for the next village, runners preceded them to warn the people of their coming. It was a hungry and a weary day for the poor wayfarers. They could get no food in the place they left, and not a morsel passed their lips till nightfall. But they consoled themselves because they had baptized some "little monster" of a baby whom a band of refugee Neutrals had with them. "The poor little misshapen thing became an angel."

They found a shelter in the village, but there was a feast of the devil going on that night in the cabin, and incantations and dances, and

the throwing of tobacco and fat in the fire went on hour after hour. It was all to cure a sick person who had not fulfilled the injunctions imposed by a dream. But even that shelter was only temporary; so they resumed their tramp, never passing two days in one place, and finding the country more disturbed as they advanced. Mobs would gather outside the lodge at midnight ordering them to be off, and in one instance a savage started up from his sleep and drove them out into the dark. They could do nothing but plod along through snow, and rain, and cold, and ice, only to find some angry savage at the entrance of the next village, with an uplifted tomahawk, threatening to brain them if they approached.

It is somewhat amusing to be told in the story that at this juncture one of the Fathers fell sick. It was not surprising; but we do not know whether it was Garnier or Jogues. The sufferer recovered shortly, and his treatment in the time of convalescence was on the same heroic lines as those that led him into sickness. At three o'clock in the morning, he and his companion were driven out of the wigwam without a bit to eat, and were compelled to tramp off to another place thirty-

three or thirty-six miles away. They had nothing but a handful of bread, and "such bread," writes Le Mercier, "you would not give to a dog in France." But they did some good here and there among the stray Indians they met, and they thought that was worth a thousand times greater hardships.

They could not have held out much longer, and they themselves were convinced that they should die or be killed. Just then the heroic figure of the Huron, Joseph Chiwatenwa, appeared on the scene.

This wonderful Indian deserves more than a passing notice. He is continually to the fore in the records of those early days, and around his picturesque life an Indian drama might be easily constructed. He was baptized on the 15th of August, 1638, and received the name of Joseph. He was in danger of death at the time, but had been long under instruction, and was leading meanwhile a wonderfully holy life. Any one else but those too-exacting missionaries would have made him a Christian long before. Indeed, Jerome Lalemant, after seven years' experience, solemnly affirmed that they had been too timorous about the perseverance of their neophytes, and too exacting in the dispositions for baptism. Many

a thing they thought to be sinful was only coarseness, simplicity or perhaps stupidity.

Chiwatenwa, at the time of his baptism, was thirty-five years old or thereabouts. There was nothing of the savage in him except his name. He belonged to one of the first families of Ossossané, for it must be borne in mind that social distinctions were observed among the aborigines. He was clever, not merely when compared with those around him, but the missionaries were of the opinion that he would be considered such even in France. He had a marvelous memory, never forgot a word he was taught, and was a constant delight to the priests, as they listened to him explaining the mysteries of Christianity to the wondering red men. He married when he was very young, and never had but one wife—an extraordinary thing in such surroundings where wives were changed with the seasons. He never gambled, and did not even know how to deal the cards, or rather the straws which the Indians made use of; and what will edify some modern white men he never used tobacco, which the good missionary informs us "was the wine and drunkenness of those parts." His spiritual guides were shocked, however, to find that he cultivated the weed

in his garden, but he assured them it was only for pastime or to give to his friends, and also to help him to buy what he needed. The Fathers were very severe, and exacting, but Joseph was a casuist.

He also had in his possession a charm, a rabbit's foot or something of the kind, an *oki* in a word, which had been bequeathed to him by his deceased father, and was considered to be a priceless treasure, for it had brought his progenitors much luck. But Joseph never used it; nor did he ever take part in any of the banquets where the devil was invoked. He was of a very kindly nature, wonderfully teachable, and, unlike the ordinary Indians, eager to learn. He succeeded even in being able to read and write, the former of which he found more difficult. What first led him to the Faith was a discourse of de Brébeuf's in one of the preparatory councils of the Feast of the Dead, and he was also much touched when he heard the explanations given to the plague-stricken people about the way to profit by their affliction. Of his own accord he began to study the Commandments, and to ridicule the prevailing superstitions of the tribe. He often went to the priests' cabin, but only to discuss religious matters, never to beg like the

other Indians. He had his own children baptized, and induced others to imitate his example. Finally, when he found that he was going to be taken down with the fever, he came to inquire how he should pray during his sickness.

When he fell ill he was very anxious that no superstitious remedy should be employed for his recovery. The priests saw to that, and took full charge of him corporally as well as spiritually. The poor patient observed the minutest directions even when blunders were made in caring for him. He sank rapidly, and at last baptism was suggested. "Baptism!" he exclaimed. "It is not for me to speak of that, but you. I have asked you a hundred times, and you never came into the cabin that I did not wonder if you were going to baptize me." Of course the Sacrament could no longer be deferred, and after it, the sufferer showed not only Christian resignation, but the piety of an old monk. Even in his delirium he was speaking of God. Happily, he recovered two days after his baptism, and could never do enough to express his gratitude for the love that was shown him.

When he was sufficiently strong, he invited his friends to a great banquet which he made

as splendid as possible. He began it with asking a blessing, and then, as master of the feast, he made a great many speeches, in all of which he explained the mysteries of the Faith. Every one listened with astonishment at the amount of knowledge he displayed, and they withdrew discussing all they had heard. A short time afterwards, he went to the chapel to make a public offer of his services to the Fathers. Nor did he ever fail to live up to his promise of leading a life of holiness. Indeed, extraordinary things are told about his piety, his delicacy of conscience and his courage in the midst of afflictions. His enthusiasm for the Faith was communicated to his pagan relatives; one of them, for instance, forbidding his sick wife the use of any superstitious practices for her cure. To conquer his natural affection he offered to God his youngest child, to whom he was very much attached, and repeated the offer a hundred times a day, if it were the Divine will the boy should die. When the little one was taken, Chiwatenwa came before the Blessed Sacrament, and spoke like Abraham to God while the priest left him standing there, and hurried off to console the afflicted mother. His prayers for the tribe pronounced aloud in the

chapel, the Relation assures us, would have melted a heart of stone. He feared no one, and on all occasions gloried in the name they gave him of "The Believer," and he preached the Faith on every occasion: in the cabins, on the trail, in the councils, and always with an eloquence, a power of illustration, and a thoroughness and quickness in replying to objections that astonished every one.

News had come of the dangers that threatened Jogues and Garnier among the Petuns. Immediately Chiwatenwa exclaimed, "I will go there." His wife entreated him not to leave her. The children were sick, and she feared he would never return, but he tenderly consoled her, and started out for what might be death in the wild storm that was then raging. The weather was frightful. The cold was splitting the trees, and a biting wind was driving into his face as he hurried along. But his ardor in the work made his suffering seem a trifle. To his great delight he found them. Their joy must have been greater than his.

He travelled with them from village to village. Cabin after cabin turned them away, and even his relations reproached him for consorting with sorcerers, and did not hesitate to expel him as well as his companions. One

night a Petun declared that he was going to kill the missionaries, and immediately seized his hatchet and started out to execute his threat. Luckily they had both changed their sleeping quarters that night, and while the crazy Indian was hunting for them Chiwatenwa came up and quickly disarmed him. Only one place received them well, and that bit of humanity was shown not by the Petuns, but by an old man belonging to another tribe.

When they attempted to go to the great town of Sts. Peter and Paul, where the missionaries had already been, they found every door shut, and heard the squaws screaming from the lodges: "Where are the braves who said they would kill these men if they returned?" From one place they were driven away in the dead of night, and were then pursued by a party of savages armed with tomahawks. Luckily the pursuers missed the trail; and when the chief followed next day to express regret for what had happened, Chiwatenwa opened upon him with a fiery speech. "It is not these Blackrobes who are disturbing the country, but you who will not listen to the important things they have to tell you. You laugh at me and call me 'The Believer.' That is my greatest glory. You know me, and

you know my people. I am proud to follow the teachings of these great men. Our ancestors were excusable, for they never heard what you have heard, but you will be punished a thousand times worse than they, if you remain in the degradation from which the missionaries wish to raise you," and so on. The old Petun listened in silence; grunted out "True," and then changed the subject, just like a civilized man.

Finally they gave up the work as hopeless, and returned to Ossossané, and Chiwatenwa was commissioned to go down to Quebec with a letter to Father Vimont. Alas, he never went. He was murdered. On the evening of the 2d of August, 1640, two Iroquois crept up stealthily behind him in the woods. They ran him through the body with a sword and crushed his skull with two blows of a tomahawk, and then tearing off his scalp disappeared. He had gone out into the forest to cut some sapplings for the boat that was to carry him to Quebec. Three of his little nieces were with him, and while they walked to where he intended to work he spoke of God's goodness, and made them kneel down and pray. As they wanted to enter the woods, he sent them back telling them it was a dan-

gerous place. After a while finding that he did not return, his people went to look for him, and to their horror found his mangled remains. There was evidence of a fierce fight having taken place, and they noted what had caused his death, the thrust of a sword. If it had not been for that weapon, they felt sure that their valiant warrior would have won the victory. There was great mourning for him, but most of all among the missionaries, who felt as if one of themselves had been slain. So ended this glorious Christian, Joseph Chiwatenwa, who looks as if he might be one of America's uncanonized saints.

CHAPTER V.

THE FATAL JOURNEY

WHEN Jogues returned from the Petun mission he found his friend Raymbault, who had been his companion on the journey to Lake Superior, in a dying condition, after attempting, all alone, to convert the Nipissiriens who lived far away to the north at Lake Nipissing. How he managed to return to St. Mary's we do not know, but the brotherly affection with which he was received revived him somewhat and it was resolved to carry him down to Quebec where he could be cared for better than in the wilds of Huronia.

But how could it be done? Some one had to go with him and no one could be spared. "Send me," said Jogues; "I am not needed as much as the others"—a sentiment which was exclusively his own.

He finally succeeded in persuading his Superiors and set out to carry his dying friend over the intervening thousand miles, at every foot of which there was a menace of death from dangerous cataracts or wild beasts or

prowling Iroquois. They reached Quebec in safety though with much suffering, and there Raymbault soon breathed his last. He was the first Jesuit to die in Canada. He was buried by the side of Champlain; but the exact spot where the priest and the soldier were laid the people of Quebec cannot tell you to-day.

We have an interesting account of his arrival there in the Diary of the hospital erected at Sillery, an Indian reservation near Quebec.

"We were very much alarmed about our isolation at Sillery," writes the good nun who was the historian of the house, "when one morning, our new Superior who had just been elected was called to the parlor by two Jesuit Fathers. One of them was somewhat small in stature and frail in his general appearance. His features were regular and delicate, his face oval, and his large and well developed forehead suggested a fine intellectuality, but on the whole his physiognomy denoted a character made rather to obey than to command. He wore a beard, as did most of the missionaries who were obliged to live in the woods with the savages. He kept his eyes cast down, the result of long habits of recollection, and he had the appearance of great reserve. In

fact, he appeared timid and a little awkward, so much so that a man of the world might have smiled at him. No one but his Superiors would suspect the indomitable energy of this humble priest when he was acting under obedience or from supernatural conviction.

"When Mother St. Ignace came to the grating she could not refrain from an exclamation of delight and surprise: 'What,' she cried, 'is it you, Father Jogues? How happy we were to hear of your arrival at Quebec, after all the dangers you encountered!'

"It was indeed he," continues the chronicle. "He had returned from the Huron country on the 14th of July. With that sublime simplicity that characterized him in everything he did, he undertook the perilous journey at the first intimation of the Superior's wish. He did not hesitate a moment to expose his life to all the risks of an expedition of over three hundred leagues, through a country swarming with Iroquois. He and his companions escaped only by a happy combination of circumstances, which they never could have hoped for. He was now going back again over the very same route, and he had come to bid good-bye to the community of Sillery. He was accompanied by another Jesuit who was

equal to him in courage and merit, but who was endowed with a totally different character and temperament. Physically he was built like an athlete; spiritually he was still more remarkable. His strong features revealed his decision of mind and vigor of character. On fire like Father Jogues with apostolic zeal and the passion for suffering, he longed like him for the crown of martyrdom. He was destined to win it after Jogues, and on another field, in the midst of a gory tragedy which announced the doom of a nation. He was no other than Father de Brébeuf, the giant of the missions."

The frightened nuns anxiously inquired about the dangers which their isolated position exposed them to in the raids which were becoming frequent around Montreal and Three Rivers, which Jogues told them about.

"Do you think they will come as far as this?" asked the Mother Superior. "Not just now," answered de Brébeuf, "but it is not impossible. Their boldness has increased since the Dutch have supplied them with fire arms." "What do you advise us to do?" he was asked. "You may have to leave Sillery," was the answer.

Jogues was successful in obtaining supplies,

and he set out on his return journey with his canoes well packed with provisions. With him were about forty persons; one a famous Huron chief who was thought to bear a charmed life, so often had he escaped injury in battle; another a former sorcerer who had become a Christian and was now as pious as he had formerly been wicked. René Goupil and William Couture, one a Jesuit novice, the other a donné, also made part of the convoy; and finally Theresa, an Indian girl, who had been educated by the Ursulines of Quebec, and who was now unwillingly leaving her beloved nuns, and returning to her country to assist by her piety and knowledge in spreading the Faith. She is to disappear in the forests only to be found again just before Jogues' martyrdom.

Knowing the dangers that confronted them, the Governor offered the convoy a detachment of soldiers, but the Indians, who never appreciate danger until the enemy appears, indignantly refused all help. They were able to take care of themselves. But they were only a day's journey beyond Three Rivers, which they had left on August 1, 1642, when a suspicious trail revealed itself. The great chief said haughtily: "If it is the trail of friends

there is no fear; if it is an enemy's we are strong enough to conquer"; but a war-whoop and a volley of musketry soon told another story. They were ambushed by almost twice their number. There were seventy Mohawks in all, and significantly enough they were led by a Huron apostate. An Indian in the canoe with Father Jogues was hit by a bullet, and regardless of danger the priest hurried to his assistance, but when he rose from where he had been kneeling he found the greater number of his Hurons in flight, and those who had held their ground already in the hands of the enemy. What would he do? He was as fleet of foot as any Indian and could have escaped if he wished. But before his eyes he saw his beloved Goupil and some of his Huron Christians bound hand and foot, and the thought of deserting them never entered his mind. To the amazement of the Indians he strode out from his concealment and stood beside them. It is worth noting that the one who made the most splendid fight in this encounter was René Goupil. When nearly every one had fled he remained almost alone facing the whole host of enemies and fighting fiercely. The fact is worth remembering, for there is such stress laid on his piety and gentleness that we

are prone to fancy him as timid and shrinking and somewhat feminine in his disposition, and not the heroic fighter that this occasion showed him to be. Jogues describes him as "a man of remarkable intrepidity."

The deep affection with which the priest was regarded by the rest of the company revealed itself as the battle was ending. Couture was well out of reach when he discovered that the Father was not with him. He deliberately turned back, though he had to fight his way through a crowd of Iroquois who almost cut him to pieces in his effort to reach the side of Jogues. The "invulnerable" Huron chief, who had taken to flight, came back of his own accord also, though he knew it meant torture and a horrible death.

It was while embracing and consoling Couture, who was brought in covered with blood, that Father Jogues was felled to the earth by the sticks and clubs of the Iroquois. He awoke to consciousness only to find two savages gnawing his fingers off with their teeth. As the battle was now over, the captives were flung into canoes, and the party hurried up the stream to where the Sorel flows into the St. Lawrence, but not before they had cut a record of their exploit on the trees of

the forest. The exact spot where the battle was fought has been forgotten.

Nothing more disastrous could have happened to the missions than this capture of Jogues. "Had we received those supplies," wrote Father Le Mercier, "we could have held out indefinitely." But of course Jogues was not responsible. He knew too well the needs of his brethren and the advantage of having soldiers as protectors on a journey like the one on which he had started, and he had seen too many an example of the foolish self-reliance of the Hurons. But the "invulnerable" chief had decided, and now the ruin of all the missions of the Northwest was only a matter of time.

Their course lay up the river to Lake Champlain and Lake George and then over to the Mohawk. As they hurried along they were beaten with sticks and clubs; their wounds were torn open by the long nails of the Indians; they were refused food and drink, and at night were picketed to the earth to prevent their escape.

The traveller on Lake Champlain to-day is shown an island which the State has set aside as a government reservation. It is marked Jogues Island. It is thought to have been the

scene of the occurrences which Jogues describes at this stage of his journey. A number of braves on the warpath had halted there awaiting the raiders, and their thirst for blood had to be satiated by the usual savage pastime of the gauntlet. "We were made to go up the slope from the shore between two lines of savages armed with clubs and sticks and knives," writes Jogues. "I was the last, and blows were showered on me. I fell on the ground and I thought my end had come, but they lifted me up all streaming with blood and carried me more dead than alive to the platform."

The usual tortures of gashing and stabbing and beating and burning and distending followed. More of the martyr's fingers were gnawed or burned off, and at one time he was on the point of consecrating that island of Lake Champlain by a horrible death at the stake. The torture was drawing to an end and a huge savage stood above him with a knife to slash the nose from his face, which was the usual prelude for death by fire. Jogues looked at him calmly, and, to the surprise of all, the executioner strode away. Again the effort was made with the same result. Some unseen power averted death at

that time. His martyrdom was to be more protracted.

From there they resumed their journey, stopping, however, to repeat the sport whenever a new band was met with. It took them till the tenth of August to reach the southern end of Lake George; and then for four days the wretched captives dragged themselves along the trail which passes by what is now Saratoga, bleeding and famished, supporting their miserable life by the fruit or berries they could pluck from the trees or the roots they could dig up in the woods. They were loaded meantime with heavy packs, and beaten when they faltered or fell on the road. On the eve of the Assumption, 1642, they arrived on the north bank of the Mohawk, opposite the village of Ossernenon, a little above where the Schoharie Creek flows into the river.

A conch-shell, an instrument usually reserved for religious rites, announced their coming, and men and women and children swarmed down to the river bank to give the victims a savage welcome. It was the gauntlet again, and the miserable line moved up the steep ascent; Jogues, as usual, coming last. "I saw René in front of me," he afterwards wrote, "fall, horribly mangled and covered

with blood; not a spot of white was visible as he was dragged to the place of torture." But while grieving for his friend and forgetting his own pitiable state, he himself was struck by a huge ball of iron in the middle of the back, and fell gasping on the pathway. He struggled to his feet and followed the procession to the platform, where the usual horrors of such performances were carried out in all their details, till darkness brought them to an end. But even then their sufferings were not over, for they were pinioned to the earth and given over to the boys of the camp, who amused themselves the greater part of the night by sticking knives and prongs into the victims, and heapings coals and hot ashes upon their naked bodies to see them writhe in agony. Jogues narrates that René's breast was a pitiable sight after this torture. He does not allude to his own condition, except to say that he was more fortunate in being able to throw off the burning embers.

One incident occurred, on this first day at Ossernenon, which is worthy of special notice, as illustrating the wonderful self-control of the great martyr. A captive Indian woman, a Christian, and chosen no doubt for that reason, was compelled, under menace of death,

to saw off with a jagged shell the thumb of the priest. She complied, though horror-stricken; and when it fell on the ground, Jogues picked it up, and, as he himself humbly says, "I presented it to Thee, O my God! in remembrance of the sacrifices which for the last seven years I had offered on the altars of Thy Church and as an atonement for the want of love and reverence of which I have been guilty in touching Thy Sacred Body." "Throw it down," whispered Couture, at his side, "or they will make you eat it." He cast it aside, and possibly some prowling dog of the camp devoured it. It would be hard to find a parallel in the annals of the martyrs.

The next day these tortures were repeated, and then the adjoining villages of Andagarron and Tionnontoguen had to be regaled in similar fashion, until the ferocity of the savages was sated.

By this time the other captives were either killed or sent elsewhere among the tribes; Jogues and Goupil alone remained. It had been decided to burn them at the stake, but other counsels prevailed, and they were brought back first to Andagarron and then to Ossernenon. On the 7th of September the news of their capture had reached Fort

Orange, and the Commandant Arendt van Corlaer in person, accompanied by Jean Labatie and Jacob Jansen, came to arrange for their ransom. But the news had arrived that the war party which had tortured Jogues on Lake Champlain had been badly beaten at the fort which Montmagny had hastily thrown up at the mouth of the Richelieu after the capture of Jogues. Furious with rage on that account, they would not give up the prisoners. Once again there was question of the stake.

On September 29 his companion René Goupil was tomahawked by a savage for making the sign of the Cross on the head of an Indian child.

Then followed Jogues' awful captivity for more than a year, a partial catalogue of whose horrors he has left us in the account which his Superiors commanded him to write. Parkman has studied it carefully and pronounces it a living martyrdom. He was employed in the filthiest and most degrading work of the camp, and was held in greater contempt than the most despicable squaw. Heavy burdens were placed on his bruised and livid shoulders, and he was made to tramp fifty and sixty and a hundred miles after his savage masters, who

delighted to exhibit him wherever they went. His naked feet left bloody tracks upon the ice or flints of the road; his flesh was rotting with disease; his wounds were gangrened; he was often beaten to the earth by the fists or clubs of crazy and drunken Indians; and more than once saw the tomahawk above his head and heard his death sentence pronounced. The wretched deerskin they permitted him to have was swarming with vermin; he was often in a condition of semi-starvation as he crouched in a corner of the filthy wigwam and saw the savages gorging themselves with meat, which had been first offered to the demons and which he therefore refused to eat, though his savage masters raged against this implied contempt of their gods. According to General Clark that was the determining cause of his death. But over and above all this bodily agony, his sensitive and holy soul was made to undergo a greater agony by the sight of their shameless moral turpitude and the awful spectacle thrust upon him as they devoured their captives.

Meanwhile he was baptizing what dying children he could discover, and comforting the Huron captives who were brought into camp, sometimes even at the risk of his life rush-

ing into the flames to baptize them as they were burning at the stake.

The wonder of it all is how human endurance could be equal to such a strain. Indeed only the help of supernatural grace can explain how he did not die or lose his mind. That God gave him such assistance there is no doubt, for we find in the record he has left that he spent hour after hour kneeling in prayer in the deep snow of the forest, protected from the wintry blast of the storm only by a few pine branches. The Indians dreaded the cross which he used to cut into the trunks of trees, and took his prayers for incantations, often threatening to kill him when he was so engaged. We learn also that he was at times favored with Heavenly visions during that long martyrdom. He heard the songs of Angels above the roar of the tempest, and saw the palisaded town transformed into a celestial city, and beheld the Divine Master as a King in royal robes. Besides these Heavenly consolations, he had a human comforter also, a poor old squaw in whose cabin he lived and whom he called his "Aunt." She would try in her rude way to heal his wounds, would weep over them when she could not succeed, and invariably warned him of any danger that

she happened to hear of. We do not know if he converted her. We cannot help thinking that he did.

There is another touching incident of rewarded affection that occurred during his journeys. He stumbled into a miserable cabin where he found a dying Indian. "Do you not know me?" said the sufferer. "It was I who cut you down when you were suspended by ropes at Ossernenon and were just about to die." God rewarded the poor wretch and he received baptism before he expired. No doubt also a squaw whom he saved from a furious torrent, plunging in to save her and her babe while the Indians looked on apathetically, must have done her best to repay him.

Month after month dragged on, and repeated efforts were made to purchase him from the Mohawks. Even the Sokokis of distant Maine, who had been well treated by the French, came to intercede for him. In fact he tells us himself that he might have escaped, but could not find it in his heart to do so while there were any Christian captives to whom he might be of service. His baptisms that year, he informs us, amounted to seventy persons, all, of course, at the point of death. It is New York's first baptismal record. Un-

fortunately we have only the number, not the names.

Finally, after about thirteen months, his release became imperative. On June 30, 1643, he had secured a scrap of paper, and, with full knowledge of the danger he was exposing himself to, sent a letter to Montmagny informing him that the Mohawks were about to attack Fort Richelieu. An Indian had asked for it, hoping to profit by it in one way or other, but the savages finding themselves forestalled, attributed their failure to Jogues.

It is this action which serves as the foundation of the charge that he was really not put to death for the Faith, but in punishment for this "treachery."

As a matter of fact it was not treachery. He owed no allegiance to the Iroquois. If a soldier in the ranks would thus voluntarily immolate himself to save an army from destruction his glory would be immortal. Finally, Father Jogues was not put to death then, but only three years later and for reasons which had nothing to do with this letter to Fort Richelieu.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ESCAPE

THE Dutch were aware of his impending death, and a positive order came from Governor Kieft to the commandant at Fort Orange to secure his release at all risks. Consequently, when, a short time afterwards, Jogues arrived at the Fort with his captors, the commandant insisted that he should escape, promising that if he once got on board the vessel which was lying in the river he would be landed safely in Manhattan.

To his amazement Jogues refused. He could not desert his post. He had written in that sense to his Superior in Quebec. The worthy and perhaps wrathy Dutchman remonstrated that it was throwing away his life uselessly. The Mohawks would not talk to him any longer about religious matters, nor would they let him approach the Huron or other captives and finally, he was made to understand that his death was not to be deferred, but was to take place as soon as he got back to Ossernenon. He listened to all

this and then spent all night in prayer considering what course was most in conformity with the glory of God and the good of souls. In the morning he presented himself to the commandant. He would escape and return again when peace was restored.

It was arranged that during the night he should steal out of the place where he had to sleep among the Iroquois. A small boat would be waiting on the shore, and he could paddle to the ship whose sailors had sworn to defend him. All seemed easy except the first step. The structure where the Indians passed the night with their prisoner was a wooden building about 100 feet long, one end of which was used as the house of a settler who had married a squaw, the rest being occupied by the Mohawks. Going out at nightfall to explore the ground, the poor captive was nearly devoured by dogs, and hastily retreated to the cabin. The charitable Dutchman bandaged his wounds in a rough fashion, but the Indians, suspicious that something was going on, securely barred the door and lay down to sleep alongside of him. Hour after hour passed, and he heard the cock crow announcing the morning. All hope was gone, when suddenly a door opened at the other end,

and a white man appeared. Making signs to him to quiet the dogs, Jogues stealthily picked his way over the prostrate forms of the savages—he would have been tomahawked if he awakened them—and succeeded in getting into the open. It is characteristic of the man that before he began this race for life, he tucked somewhere in his miserable rags a wooden cross he had made and two little books of devotion which he had found. There was a fence to be cleared which he clambered over, and then running as fast as his mangled legs would allow, he made for the river, reaching it in an exhausted state; but, alas, the boat was high and dry in the mud. He cried out to the vessel in the stream, but no one heard him. The sailors were asleep. At last by superhuman efforts he got the boat into the water, and soon after climbed up the ship's side, a free man. He was more than welcome, but his happiness was brief. Furious at the escape of their prisoner, the Mohawks threatened to burn the settlement, but the commandant laughed at them. He knew perfectly well they would not dare to risk a war with the Dutch while they were fighting with the French. Nevertheless, for reasons hard to understand, Father Jogues was compelled to

come ashore in the night, though the faithful sailors were loud in their condemnation of the act, and was hidden in one of the houses.

He was concealed in the garret of the building though it can scarcely be described as concealment. Only a few boards shut off his hiding place from the storehouse where the Indians came to purchase their supplies, and any sudden movement might have betrayed him. His meals were sent in from the commandant's table, but the caretaker appropriated the food for himself, so that the poor prisoner was almost starved to death. Even the water was putrid, and he soon fell seriously ill.

At last the Indians were made aware of his presence and gathered in great numbers around the fort and clamored for their captive, threatening, if they were refused, to burn the settlement which then, Jogues tells us, consisted of a little fort built of logs with four or five pieces of cannon and as many swivels. The colony was composed of about one hundred persons who lived in twenty-five or thirty houses which were built along the river. These dwellings were made of boards and had thatched roofs with no masonry work except the chimneys. The threat of course implied

the massacre of the inhabitants but the whole incident evolved into a very dramatic and heroic manifestation on the part of the Dutch.

The commandant was Van Corlaer and he, like a cavalier of old, went out and faced the furious savages. "We shall not give up our captive," he said. "His deliverance is asked for by our allies"—the Queen Regent of France had asked for his deliverance—"and you who are in league with each other in your Confederacy know how wrong it would be for us to do so." Meanwhile he kept jingling the glittering coin in his hand,—it amounted to 300 livres,—until the Indians finally yielded, either cowed by the commandant's defiance or tempted by the generous ransom. They withdrew and left the captive in the fort.

The commandant was a cousin of the patroon, Van Rensselaer, several of whose descendants became Catholics; one was a Jesuit priest, another a Sister of Charity.

The famous parson Dominie Megapolensis or Mekellenburg, was one of the prominent figures in this episode. He was more than kind in his solicitude for the safety of Father Jogues. In fact he was so outspoken in his praise that he was accused of being a Jesuit—a charge which he indignantly repelled, need-

lessly so, for he had a grown up son who was his father's helper as a Calvinist minister.

At last another vessel was ready to sail, and Father Jogues was conducted on board by the chief men of the colony and he and the Dominie went down together to Manhattan Island. The crew were jubilant. They all loved and admired Jogues and "half-way down," he says, "they celebrated my release by stopping at an island which they called by my name, and gave evidence of their pleasure by the discharge of cannon and the uncorking of bottles." We have no more indication than that of what the island was which was "half-way down the Hudson," and which was named in such a cordial fashion. There is no other piece of land that fits in with this geographical indication except that which is now known as Esopus Island. Thither the Jesuit novices from St. Andrew-on-Hudson go on holidays, and have no doubt that they stand on the holy ground where Father Jogues had been over 280 years ago. It lies in the centre of the river, and is within the corporate limits of Ulster County. It is about half a mile long, and probably one hundred feet at its greatest width. It is composed mostly of trap and sandstone rock. On the south end there

is a cleft forming a landing-place on a sandy beach where it is safe for boats to ride, while on the northern end of the island there is a formation shaped like a mackerel's tail, giving the island the appearance of a huge fish lying on top of the water. Legend says that the island in early days was known from its peculiar formation as Fish Island. The rock rises precipitously from the water, forming a battlement on both sides, and there is no place where a boat could land. The surface is covered with stunted oaks. Near the north end is a smooth greensward, around which the great stones standing on edge form battlements and give the place the appearance of a fort.

More than likely this was the island to which the good-natured Dutchmen gave Father Jogues' name. But in course of time other stories began to cluster about it. Captain Kidd is said to have hidden his treasures there, and on the eastern edge, in a green and level place, stands a stunted pine known far and wide as Captain Kidd's tree. All sorts of gruesome stories have been invented about how the bold buccaneer buried his millions of doubloons somewhere on the island and left them to the care of the Prince of Darkness.

Captain Kidd and Father Jogues are very positive opposites.

After six days on the Hudson—they were leisurely travellers in those days—he reached Manhattan, where the Governor gave him a most honorable reception, seated him at the official table beside the Dominie, provided for all his wants and furnished him with suitable clothing to replace the ragged and half-savage dress which he wore. Naturally, the presence of a priest and a Jesuit in the colony, especially with all the marks of his terrible sufferings upon him, caused a profound sensation among the colonists. They crowded around him to ask about his captivity, and it is narrated that, on one occasion, a young man fell at his feet and, kissing the mangled hands of the priest, exclaimed: "Martyr of Jesus Christ! Martyr of Jesus Christ!" "Are you a Catholic?" asked Jogues. "No, I am a Lutheran, but I recognize you as one who has suffered for the Master."

There were two Catholics in New York at that time—one the Portuguese wife of the Ensign, who, singularly enough, had a picture of St. Aloysius in her room; the other was an Irishman who had come up from Maryland. He gave Father Jogues intelligence about the

Jesuits there and profited by the occasion to perform his religious duties.

The official documents of the State of New York have embodied Jogues' lengthy account of the colony as he saw it during the month he remained with his Dutch friends. He happened to be there just when a war was going on with the neighboring Indians, eighty of whom had been killed in one encounter and sixteen hundred in another; but he merely mentions it without going into details. About the material condition of the colony he is more explicit:

"Manhattan," he says, "is seven leagues in circuit, and on it is a fort to serve as a commencement of a town to be built there and to be called New Amsterdam." His practised eye takes in the defects of the construction, and no doubt he compared it with the one he himself had built on Lake Huron. "It is at the point of the island. It has four regular bastions, mounted with several pieces of artillery. All these bastions and the curtains were in 1643 only mounds; most of them had already crumbled away so that it was possible to enter the fort on all sides. There were no ditches. The garrison for that and another fort further up consisted of sixty

soldiers. They were beginning to face the gates and bastions with stone. Within the fort there was a pretty large church, the house of the Governor, neatly built of brick, and also storehouses and barracks."

The Governor told him that there were people on the island speaking eighteen different languages. "No religion is publicly exercised but the Calvinist, and orders are to admit none but Calvinists; but this is not observed. There are in the colony besides Calvinists, Catholics, Puritans, Lutherans, Anabaptists who are called *Mnistes,* etc." Father Jogues describes the character of the river, the ships in the harbor; the exposed position of many of the settlers, the method of colonization, the climate, etc.

More than likely he lived at the Dominie's house which we learn from Valentine's "Manual of the Common Council" was at the corner of what is now Morris Street and Broadway. It would be interesting to know what this future martyr and the apostate Catholic talked about, but there is not a word of it to be found in Jogues' letters, The parson had been a Catholic up to the age of 23, and was now the Protestant Pope of New York, but he died in 1670, friendless and poor and

blasted in reputation for having advised Peter Stuyvesant to surrender to the English in 1664.

Finally the wretched little vessel which the Governor was hurrying to get ready to bring the news to the home government about the Indian aggressions weighed anchor in the river. It was a lugger of only fifty tons burden, and left the harbor of Manhattan on the 5th of November, so that in mid-winter, with thin and miserable clothing and with nowhere to rest his aching limbs but the deck, on a coil of rope, or in the offensive hold, the poor sufferer was tossed on the waves of the Atlantic until the end of December, 1643, when the vessel entered the harbor of Falmouth in Cornwall hotly pursued by some of Cromwell's ships.

Left alone on the ship he was robbed at the pistol's point of most of his poor belongings by marauders who boarded the vessel. Later on, a compassionate Frenchman whom he met on shore obtained a free passage for him across the Channel on a collier—a favor grudgingly accorded. On Christmas morning, 1643, when the bells were ringing for Mass, he was put off on the coast of his native country somewhere in Brittany. The exact place cannot be identified from the indications which

he has left. Some poor peasants saw the ragged and emaciated creature standing on the beach and fancied he was an Irish refugee escaping from the Cromwellians. Finding to their astonishment that he was a Frenchman and a priest, they gave him some decent wearing apparel and went with him to the church, where for the first time since his capture at Three Rivers he was able to go to Confession and Communion. The maimed condition of his hands precluded his saying Mass.

It took him twelve days after that to reach the College of Rennes, helped on his journey by some charitable soul who took pity on him. He arrived there early in the morning of the Epiphany and asked the porter to inform the Rector that he had news from Canada. Hearing the magic word "Canada," the Rector, though about to say Mass, laid aside his vestments and hurried to the door. "Do you come from Canada?" he asked the dilapidated and ragged man before him. "I do," was the answer. "Do you know Father Jogues?" "Very well, indeed." "Is he alive or dead?" "He is alive." "Where is he?" "I am he," was the reply.

The amazement and joy of the household may be imagined as they crowded around him

to embrace him, to kiss his mangled hands and kneel for his blessing. They led him to the chapel and intoned the *Te Deum*; for the dead had come back to them.

The news of the missionary's return rapidly spread throughout France. Everyone was speaking of him; and the Queen Regent Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV, intimated her desire to see him. Who were there at the time we do not know, but Condé and Turenne were then in their young manhood and may have been present. St. Vincent de Paul was chief almoner of the Queen, and he with many other of the most famous personages of the realm—for the interest in him was universal—may have been near the throne when, humbled and abashed, with his hands concealed in the folds of his cloak, Jogues entered the royal presence. He replied very slowly and reluctantly to the various inquiries about his adventures, and when at last he was compelled to show his mutilated hands, and tell of the hideous way in which the fingers had been eaten or burned off, the Queen, descending from her throne, took his hands in hers and with tears streaming down her cheeks, devoutly kissed the mutilated members and exclaimed: "People write romances for us—but

was there ever a romance like this? And it is all true."

Public exhibitions of this kind, however, were like Iroquois torture for Father Jogues. He became exceedingly sensitive about it, and those who called to see him were warned by the Superiors not to refer to his sufferings. He even refused to visit his own people. But what grieved him most was that, on account of the condition of his hands, he was forever debarred from saying Mass. His friends did not leave him long in that distress, but sent a petition to the Holy Father to remove the canonical impediment. The answer quickly came: *"Indignum esset martyrem Christi Christi non bibere sanguinem."* "It would be wrong to prevent the martyr of Christ from drinking the blood of Christ." It is noteworthy that this quasi-canonization was pronounced by Urban VIII, the very Pope who has laid down such stringent laws on the canonization of Saints.

What his feelings were when this privilege came we do not know. He has left us a record about his first Mass in Canada, but with regard to his first Mass on his return to France he is silent.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EMBASSY

NATURALLY one would fancy that this battered warrior would now rest on the laurels which he had won. On the contrary he was on board the first vessel that left France for America. He had plenty to do on the voyage. The sea was tempestuous, but a worse storm arose among the sailors. They were in mutiny, and had it not been for Jogues' ascendancy over them, the captain might have been thrown overboard. The ship was thought to be unseaworthy, and the men insisted on turning back. Influenced by the persuasive words of their holy passenger, they abandoned their purpose, and reached Quebec in June, 1644.

Maisonneuve was just then making his splendid fight behind the stockades of Montreal, and thither Jogues was sent, to keep up the courage of the defenders and help the sick and dying. Finally the Indians asked for a parley, and a conference was called at Three Rivers, for July 12, to arrange for peace.

Among the Indians and wearing their dress was William Couture, the *donné* who had been captured with Father Jogues two years before. He had been adopted by the tribe and was now coming as its envoy. He never returned to his Indian life, but settled down in Canada, married, and lived to the age of ninety.

The Council assembled under a great tent in the courtyard of the fort. In the most prominent place sat Montmagny; before him in the centre were the Iroquois deputies, while back of them stood the Algonquins, Montagnais, and Attikamegues, the Hurons and French being on either side. The chief orator was Kiotsaeton, who appeared covered with wampum belts, and very proud of his official position. His speech was a notable one, and those who wish to study Indian eloquence may find it in detail in the *Relations,* with comments by Father Vimont, who calls attention especially to the wonderful pantomime of this American Demosthenes. When he came to the fifteenth belt he walked up to Montmagny and presented it, saying that it was to wipe out the memory of the ill-treatment of Father Jogues.

"We wished," he said, with splendid mendacity, not knowing that Jogues was listen-

ing to him, "to bring him back to you. We do not know what has become of him. Perhaps he has been swallowed up by the waves, or fallen a victim of some cruel enemy. But the Mohawks did not put him to death."

Jogues merely whispered to his neighbor that the stake had been prepared all the same. Apparently he did not let himself be known, and when the treaty was made and the games and banquets began, he had already gone back to his work. He had seen too much of Indian revelry to be tempted to stay.

It had been decided in the Council to send an ambassador to the Mohawks to obtain the assent of the tribe to the concessions made by the deputies. All eyes turned on Jogues. He alone knew the language, and in due time he received a letter from his Superior assigning him the task. The common run of mortals will be thankful to him when they read in his letter that he confessed to a shudder when he learned of the appointment. Of course his official character as ambassador would protect him. But he was also a priest and the Iroquois knew it. In fact, the Christian Algonquins came to him to express their fear about his going, and advised him not to speak of the Faith in his first interview. "There is noth-

ing," they said, "more repulsive at first than this doctrine, which seems to uproot all that men hold dear, and as your long robe preaches as much as your lips, it will be prudent to travel in a shorter habit." This is the first example of the "clerical garb" difficulty in New York. It is at the same time a very valuable testimony as to why Jogues was put to death. When he appeared as a layman and an ambassador he was treated with honor, as we shall see; when he went immediately afterwards with his cassock and cross he was tomahawked, and he unwittingly precipitated the disaster by not adhering strictly to the advice of the Algonquins.

It took some time before the embassy started; for there was much squabbling between the French and Iroquois as to whether the Algonquins were included in the treaty, and for a moment there was imminent danger of all the negotiations coming to naught. In fact it was almost two years after the conference, namely, on May 16, 1646, that Father Jogues, accompanied by one of Canada's conspicuous colonists, Jean Bourdon, left Three Rivers with their Indian guides. On May 30 they reached Lake Andiatarocté, or what is now Lake George. Jogues had been there four

years before, but he could not then see its beauty, as he lay bleeding to death in the bottom of an Indian canoe. But now, when he beheld it in all the splendor with which summer had clothed the woods in which it was embedded, and gazed around at the countless garden-like islands reflected on its surface, he gave it a name; one suggested by the day on which he found himself crossing the beautiful expanse. It happened to be the eve of Corpus Christi, and he therefore called it Lake St. Sacrament. It kept that name for almost a century until a Protestant Irishman, Sir William Johnson, to gain favor with the English king, changed it to Lake George.

From time to time a feeble effort has been made to do away with the name Lake George, for the American boy has been taught from childhood to regard George III as a detestable tyrant. Fenimore Cooper in his "Last of the Mohicans" thought he had solved the difficulty by calling it "Lake Horicon," for there was a tribe called the Horicons in the vicinity, but Parkman in his "Jesuits in North America" scouts the suggestion, as based on the misspelling of an old Latin map, which wrote Horiconi instead of Horocui. Thanks to Parkman the name *Horicon* has passed from

the public mind. John Gilmary Shea suggested calling it "Lake Jogues" instead of "Lake George," but the unfamiliarity of the average American with French pronunciation would make such a name undesirable.

That the original name "Lake St. Sacrament" might be acceptable was manifested at a notable gathering of the New York Historical Association, a society which has very few Catholics on its roll of membership. The lecturer on that occasion was a Jesuit priest, who took for his subject "Isaac Jogues and his Red and White Companions." At the end of the discourse a well-known editor of the Mohawk Valley sprang to his feet and said, "I propose that a movement be inaugurated to change the name from 'Lake George' to 'Lake St. Sacrament.'" The motion was carried unanimously. He then added, " I propose also that we ask the State Government at Albany for an island at the head of the Lake on which to erect a monument to the great discoverer." That too was carried unanimously.

The island was granted and on it a tablet was placed which proclaimed that "Lake George was discovered by Father Isaac Jogues S.J. in 1646, and was called by him

'Lake St. Sacrament.'" Such a designation would be a historical asset. It fixes the date of the discovery and also recalls the romantic circumstances of the event. Its religious character might interfere but that should not be a bar to its acceptance; California has its "Sacramento" and Texas has its "Corpus Christi."

After leaving Lake George, the travellers did not take the trail by Saratoga, but swerved over towards the Hudson, to what is now Beaver Dam, then a fishing settlement of the Mohawks. There Father Jogues had the happiness of meeting the Indian girl Theresa, who had been captured at the same time as himself on the St. Lawrence. She had remained as good and pious in her savage surroundings as she had been in the nunnery at Quebec. She had been protected by an uncle for some time until she married a warrior of the tribe. Her delight at meeting Father Jogues may be imagined, and he made haste to tell her that his first care would be to purchase her freedom. The freedom indeed was granted, but its execution was never carried out; and we meet her again years afterward in the Onondaga country, where Father Le Moyne saw her and told his friends in Quebec

of the wonderful holiness of her life. She never reached her own country.

The party then proceeded down the Hudson, and passed through Fort Orange, or Albany, a familiar place for Jogues, who was glad to see and thank his old friends, and reimburse them for the money they had expended on his ransom. On June 5 he reached Ossernenon after a three weeks' journey from the St. Lawrence. His arrival was the occasion of surprise and delight for his former captors. The council was held on the 10th. He was the principal orator, and assured his ancient enemies "that the council fires lighted at Three Rivers would never be extinguished." "Here," he said, "are 5,000 beads of wampum, to break the fetters of the young Frenchmen you hold as captives, and 5,000 more for Theresa, that both may be set free." All the arrangements made at Three Rivers were acquiesced in, and the treaty formally concluded. The Wolf clan was particularly attentive to him and made him a special present, saying: "You shall always have among us a mat to rest upon and a fire to warm you," a manifestation of friendship which shows that the tribe as such did not remember the incident of Fort Richelieu.

There were several Onondagas present, and Jogues made an earnest and successful effort to win their favor. He offered them presents, which they accepted, and he induced them to accept missionaries for the various Iroquois tribes. They of their own accord indicated that the safest way to reach the valley was not by Lake George, but by what is now Ogdensburg. It was probably due to the promise of the wampum belts that, later on, Le Moyne was favorably received at Onondaga, and was able to preach the Gospel to the western Iroquois.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRAGEDY

ON June 16 the ambassadors left Ossernenon, going by trail to Lake St. Sacrament, and reaching Quebec on July 3. Jean Bourdon received valuable land grants as his reward for making the treaty. Jogues received the reward of death, for he asked immediately to return as missionary to the Mohawks. The request was long and seriously considered, for the bloodthirsty and unreliable character of the Mohawks was a matter of common knowledge. At last, on September 27, he left Quebec for the Iroquois territory, his Superiors giving it then the name of "The Mission of Martyrs"; for said they, "It is credible (if the enterprise succeed) that the designs which we have against the empire of Satan, for the salvation of this people, will not yield their fruits before they be sprinkled with the blood of some other martyrs." Evidently Father Jogues was convinced of it, for on bidding farewell to a friend he wrote the memorable words: *"Ibo, sed non redibo"*—"I go but

I shall not return." The utterance is remarkable inasmuch as it did not mean that he was going to remain indefinitely, for his instructions were merely "to winter" there. He did not even purpose to say Mass during this visit, for he brought no vestments with him.

Was his fate revealed to him? Did he foresee what was to happen? The Venerable Marie de l'Incarnation declared that in her opinion his words were a veritable prophecy. Ordinary people will read that meaning into them also.

With him were some Huron guides and a *jeune garçon* named Lalande, who wanted to die for the Faith. Before they reached Ossernenon the news came that the Mohawks had dug up the hatchet.

Jogues on leaving as ambassador had not taken with him a box in which there were some old rags of clothing—*des hardes*. He had shown its contents to the Indians before departing, but a blight had destroyed the crops and it was ascribed to some evil spirit the missionary had left in the box.

Indeed he had been apprehensive of such a calamity but he saw too late that he had made a mistake in trusting to his own judgment and not following the advice of his Algonquin

friends; for the box was a declaration to the Iroquois that he was still a priest, and hence when the pestilence broke out, and the crops withered, the savage inference was rapid; viz., the evil came from the mysterious box. They hastened to get rid of it, and threw it into the river. But that very mistake of Father Jogues, fatal as it was, serves to establish beyond any doubt that their wrath was aroused against him, not because he was a white man, or a Frenchman, or a friend of the Hurons, or because he had revealed their plans to Montmagny, but solely and absolutely because his *manitou* had wrought them harm. That "manitou" was Christianity as they conceived it. In their eyes he was displacing their ancestral gods, and in the wilds of America they did precisely what the old Romans did when they strove to crush out the Christian "superstition"—nothing more or less.

As soon as his guides were apprised of what had happened, they took to flight. But he kept on his way, though he might have easily saved himself by returning to Quebec. By his side walked the faithful Lalande. Two days more would have brought them to Ossernenon when the Iroquois met them. Approaching them they saw the sorcerer On-

dessonk in his official garb. Jogues was no longer an ambassador but a priest, bent on teaching them the religion which they not only hated but which had brought disaster on their nation, and they fell upon him, stripped him of his garments, slashed him with their knives, and led him, mangled and bleeding, to the very place where he had been so honored when in another capacity he stood there that summer.

The old Jesuit associates of Jogues call attention to a very remarkable and almost startling parallel between this scene in the forests of the Mohawk and another memorable one in the streets of Jerusalem. Surrounded by His enemies, Christ asked: "Why do you wish to kill Me?" and they answered: "Because You have a devil." To which He replied: "I have not a devil; but I honor My Father, and you dishonor Him." Father Jogues uttered almost the same words. "Let us see," said one of the savages as he cut off a strip of the victim's flesh, "if this white flesh is the flesh of a *manitou*." "No," he replied, "I am a man like you all. Why do you put me to death? I have come to your country to teach you the way to Heaven, and you treat me like a wild beast." For the Iro-

quois, Jogues had a *manitou;* for the Pharisees, Christ had a devil; and for that they put Him to death. The servant was indeed very like his Master.

A council was held at Tionnontoguen, the next Indian village to the west, to decide what was to be done. Both the Wolf and the Tortoise family were against putting the victim to death, as were most of the Bears, and the official verdict arrived at was to spare his life. But one faction of the Bears clamored for his blood, and were determined to have it in spite of the reasoning and pleading of the rest of the tribe.

It is comforting to see, in the gloom and confusion of this last act of the tragedy, the sympathetic figure of the kind old squaw, Father Jogues' "Aunt," going around overwhelmed with grief, and begging pathetically with tears in her eyes for her "nephew's" life. "Kill me if you kill him," she repeatedly said to his murderers. Can there be any doubt that the "aunt" is now with her "nephew"? But she and the others failed. The Bears were bent on vengeance, and on the 18th of October invited Jogues to a feast. It was a sort of Judas kiss. To refuse was to be killed immediately as outraging hospitality, and so

the poor sufferer, who was found crouching in a cabin nursing his bleeding wounds, rose up and followed the savage.

An Indian whom the French called Le Berger who was with Father Jogues at the time, suspecting something wrong, kept close behind the two. In the gloom he saw a stalwart savage waiting at the entrance of the lodge, and as Jogues stooped to enter, a tomahawk was raised above his head. Le Berger attempted to ward off the blow, but the terrible weapon cut through the defender's arm and crashed into the skull of Father Jogues. The head was severed from the body and fixed on a stake of the palisade. The mangled corpse was then flung into the Mohawk. Young Lalande met the same fate on the following day.

"So died," says Ingram Kip, the Protestant bishop of California, "one of that glorious band that had shown greater devotion in the cause of Christianity than has ever been seen since the time of the Apostles; men whose lives and sufferings reveal a story more touching and pathetic than anything in the records of our country, and whose names should ever be kept in grateful remembrance; stern, high-wrought men who might have stood high in

court or camp, and who could contrast their desolate state in the lowly wigwam with the refinement and affluence that waited on them in their earlier years, but who had given up home and love of kindred and the golden ties of relationship for God and man. *'Ibo sed non redibo,'* said Isaac Jogues as he went for the last time into the valley of the Mohawk. He fell beneath the blow of the infuriated savage and his body was thrown to feed the vultures, whose shrieks as they flapped their wings above him was his only requiem." The Fathers in Quebec thought he needed no requiem. A *Te Deum* would be better.

Rumors of the tragedy gradually reached Quebec, but all doubt was dispelled by an official letter of Governor Kieft, of Manhattan, dated November, 1646, to Montmagny: "I sent the minister of Fort Orange to find out the cause of the murder, and he could get no other answer than that the Father had left a devil among some articles confided to their keeping which had caused all their corn or maize to be eaten by worms." This letter of Governor Kieft is extremely precious, as there could be no more convincing testimony than that of a Protestant minister and a Protestant governor reporting officially on the cause of

the crime. They put it beyond question that it was not a matter of politics, or race hatred, or of thoughtless savage fury. It was hatred of what the Indians conceived to be Christianity, and as in greater persecutions, their pretext was that its teachings brought disaster upon the country.

Independently of the nature of his death, the holiness of this wonderful missionary was of the most extraordinary kind. What he said of Goupil may be applied to him. "He was an angel of purity." His obedience was heroic and never faltered under any trial; the extent of his mortification is evident from his sufferings, which were not only accepted but sought; his spirit of prayer was uninterrupted, and of that higher kind to which visions are vouchsafed; his patience was without bounds, his charity most tender even to the fiercest of his persecutors. "The only sin I can remember during my captivity," he told his spiritual guide, "was that I sometimes looked upon the approach of death with complacency"—an admission which will give ordinary saints a shiver.

Was his death a martyrdom? To be certain about that we had to have the decision of the Church, and this has now been given. Before

it most people who read of his sufferings agreed with the Lutheran on Manhattan Island who went down on his knees and saluted him as a martyr, with the Queen of France who wept over his wounds, and with the Sovereign Pontiff himself who almost canonized him before his death. All of the Protestant historians, some of them ministers and bishops, give him that title; Catholic writers had no doubt about it; the Venerable Marie de l'Incarnation, who is so revered in Canada for her sanctity, reiterates it incessantly; the Fathers of Canada, some of whom were subsequently martyrs themselves, had no hesitation in privately invoking his intercession; and the Plenary Councils of Baltimore and Quebec asked for his canonization.

Immediately after his death a tribunal was established to inaugurate the process officially, and the original documents containing the testimony given on that occasion have fortunately come down to us. In our own days the process was resumed and the taking of testimony about the virtues and death of Jogues and the other martyrs of the Canadian missions was continued for more than a year. To conclude, it is abundantly clear that more than for any of the other missionaries, the

cause of Jogues' death is freed from any possibility of its having been associated with political or race feeling. It was simply out of hatred of the Cross, of dislike of his doctrinal teachings, and an intense detestation of the Christian morality which he inculcated.

None of his relics have been found. His clothing, and his breviary were given to the Dutch, but all traces of them have been lost. As to the place where the martyrdom occurred there can be no reasonable doubt that it is at what is known as Auriesville, on the south bank of the Mohawk just above the Schoharie.

It may be of interest to know that his brave defender Le Berger appeared in Three Rivers two years later and asked for baptism. His life as a Christian was most edifying. Later on he went to France where he died a holy death. It was the reward for that severed arm which he gave to protect the holy martyr of the Mohawk.

CHAPTER IX.

RENÉ GOUPIL

IN the *Relations* of 1642, we meet with the famous Father Buteux, the Apostle of the Three Rivers district, who was murdered ten years later by the Iroquois at the head waters of the St. Maurice. In 1642, he was at the Indian Reservation at Sillery whither he had accompanied about sixty of his White Fish Indians who at the invitation of the Governor of Quebec were passing the winter at that place.

In his care of these savages he found no end of suffering. "I have often seen him," writes the chronicler, "tramping in the dark through three or four feet of snow, groping along by the light of a lantern which the howling wind would often tear from his hand or extinguish, while he himself would perhaps be flung by the violence of the storm down some icy hill into the snowdrift below." "This will be surprising news," says the writer, "for those who remember him in France, frail to the last degree, and almost a valetudinarian."

On one of these occasions, we find him journeying to a place nine miles away to visit a sick squaw who was clamoring for the priest. With him was a young physician who was very likely René Goupil, Father Jogues' future companion in martyrdom. He was the only medical man anywhere near Quebec in those days. Father Jogues who later on wrote a brief account of Goupil's life tells us that "René was born at Angers in France, and entered the novitiate at Paris which he edified by his great piety, but was compelled to leave for reasons of health." The French Menology gives us no information about him except a few details of his death; but this insertion in the Menology which is an official document is a sufficient proof that Goupil was a member of the Society. Lindsay in the *Catholic Encyclopedia,* calls him "a Jesuit missionary" and "the first of the Order in the Canadian missions to suffer martyrdom. He had previously bound himself to the Society by the religious vows pronounced in the presence of Father Jogues."

Father Jogues tells us that after leaving the novitiate René had studied medicine and became a skilful surgeon in France, but the longing for the Indian missions haunted

him, and he came out to Canada and offered his services to the Fathers. He was most welcome, of course, and invaluable for his work in the hospital at Sillery which the nuns had established for the sick Indians and also for the whites of the settlement. Near it was the Jesuit residence, where at that time we find Father de Brébeuf, who had come down from Huronia to be treated for his broken collar-bone. There also, as we have said, was the heroic Buteux. In that residence Goupil must have lived, for there was no other habitation near and we find him in the dead of the night and in the midst of winter accompanying the Fathers on their sick calls to the Indians, both as an acolyte and a physician. In the light of subsequent events it appears that he was there not as a *donné* or lay-assistant, but as a genuine novice of the Society to which he had been readmitted.

When Father Jogues arrived at Sillery from the northwest, Goupil asked to return with him to Huronia. Of course he was gladly accepted and on August 1, the day after the Feast of St. Ignatius, he started up the St. Lawrence. As we have seen, they were ambushed by the Iroquois at Sorel, and immediately the Hurons, who had been previously

so clamorous about their ability to defend themselves, left Goupil alone with Father Jogues. "I heard his Confession," writes Jogues, "and gave him absolution, not knowing what was going to happen to us."

They had not long to wait. The savages began tearing out the nails of their victims and crushing the fingers of both hands. Goupil endured it like his great associate with patience and courage, notwithstanding the awful agony it inflicted, and what was most amazing in such surroundings both he and the priest began to instruct some Huron Indians whom the Iroquois had captured. The conquerors, it appears, were too busy seizing the supplies that had been stowed in the canoes, to interrupt these ministrations. One old Huron named Ondonterraon was killed the moment after Jogues had baptized him.

On the way to the Mohawk, Goupil opened his heart to the priest and said, "God has always given me a desire to consecrate myself to His service in the Society. My sins have made me unworthy of the grace until now, but I hope that I can now make the offering and I trust you will permit me to pronounce my vows." "I gladly did so," writes Father Jogues, "and he recited the formula of the

vows with the greatest devotion." At what moment of this painful journey this oblation of the future saint was made we do not know.

"The humility and obedience which he showed in dealing with his savage captors," writes Father Jogues, "put me to shame. I was ordered to take a paddle and work, but I was too proud to obey and refused." Clearly it was not pride, but physical inability, dripping as he was with blood, to work for hours paddling an Indian canoe which he might at any moment upset. "René on the contrary," he continues, "immediately obeyed the order, apologizing to me for doing so." But as we find that Goupil was able to wield his lancet to relieve some sick Iroquois on the way down it is clear that his hands were in a better condition than those of the priest. "I suggested to him to escape, which he might easily have done. I could not do so, for there were twenty-four, or twenty-five Huron prisoners whom I could not abandon." Very likely the same thought was in Goupil's mind, independently of the affection he had for his saintly companion.

They were met at Lake Champlain by about two hundred Iroquois who were on the war-path and they had to be amused by letting

them vent their rage on the captives. "All the outrages and cruelty which hell could suggest were let loose on this occasion," says the narrative.

Arrived at Ossernenon, Goupil was stretched out helpless on the earth by the blows of clubs and iron bars of the Mohawks. "He was covered with blood from head to foot, and I could only see the whites of his eyes," writes Father Jogues, "but he was all the more beautiful in the eyes of the Angels, and was like Him of whom it was written, 'We have seen Him and there was no sightliness, we have thought Him as it were a leper.' When they were cutting off our thumbs I heard René say, 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph.' The torture lasted for six successive days, and at night he and I were pinioned to the ground, and the boys of the camp amused themselves piling hot ashes and fire brands on our naked bodies, but I seemed to be able to shake them off more easily than he.

"We were told that we were soon to be burned to death, but the sentence was temporarily suspended, and then he fell sick and suffered agonizing pains in all parts of his body. I could not help him for every finger on both my hands was crippled.

"After six weeks there was some talk of sending us back to Three Rivers, but one day we left the palisade to pray when the braves ordered us to turn back. I felt that something was going to happen, and I said to him, 'My very dear Brother, let us recommend ourselves to our Lord, and our good Mother, the Blessed Virgin. These people have some evil project in mind,' and we offered ourselves our lives and our blood for the salvation of these poor people.

"We were returning to the palisade saying our beads, of which we had already finished four decades. We stopped at the gate to find out what was wanted, when one of the Iroquois drew out a hatchet which he had concealed under his garments and struck René on the head with it. He fell face forward, uttering the holy name of Jesus, and as I turned I saw the axe dripping with blood. I knelt down expecting the next blow; but as nothing happened I stood up and ran toward my dying companion, but as I was giving him absolution two more blows on the head finished him. It was on the 29th of September, the Feast of St. Michael, that this angel of innocence and this martyr of Jesus Christ made the sacrifice of his blood. I was ordered

to my cabin, and for the next two days waited for a similar death. Indeed for several days groups of Indians came to put an end to me but for one reason or another which would take too long to explain they did not carry out their purpose. When I finally went out of the wigwam some of the braves wanted to stop me saying: 'You are a fool. They are only waiting for a chance to kill you, and yet you persist in looking for a corpse that is already rotten, and that has been dragged far from here'." He was looking for Goupil's body to bury it. "But," he says, "they failed to stop me and I found it. The Indian boys had dragged it by the neck to the creek, stripped it naked, and the dogs had already begun to eat it. With the help of an Algonquin who had been adopted by the tribe I took it and buried it in the bed of the stream, and placed some heavy stones on top of it intending to come next day and place it in a grave, but when I came next day with a shovel, I could not find it. It was thrown into the woods where the dogs and wolves devoured it. On my fourth visit to the place I came upon the head and several bones which I placed in the earth, intending if I was sent back to Three Rivers to carry them with me.

I kissed the sacred relics again and again, for was he not a martyr of Jesus Christ? I regard him as such, for not only was he killed by the enemies of God and the Church, while laboring with the most ardent charity for his fellowman, and putting himself in constant danger out of pure love of God, but particularly because it was making the sign of the Cross on an Indian child that brought about his death. An old savage had seen him do so and gave orders to kill him. The child's mother told me so. Indeed, on one occasion, when I was invited to a cabin to eat and had made the sign of the Cross over the food, they cried out, 'That is what we hate. That is why we killed your companion; and will kill you also. Our neighbors the Europeans do not do so.' Often when they found me on my knees in the forest they warned me that I should be killed on my return to the village." Such is the story of René Goupil, a martyr canonized by another martyr.

Nowadays the ravine where this tender and pathetic parting of the friends took place is the favorite spot at Ossernenon for the throngs of people who gather there at the annual pilgrimage. At the end of the day they wend their way in solemn procession down the steep

incline to the wooded hollow through which rushes the creek which once covered the body of Goupil. The stream is boisterous and full in the early spring, but almost dry in the heat of summer. Here and there rustic bridges span it. At one end of the glen a high wall of rocks, from which great trees protrude, rises sheer above you. At its base is a pulpit, made of the trunks and branches of trees around which the pilgrims gather for the concluding ceremonies and to listen to the words of counsel and exhortation, or the repetition of the tragic story of the past. The perpendicular cliff behind sends the words of the preacher far into the lonely woods around, which almost seem to awe the listening multitudes to silence. Beyond the creek, a thick cluster of pines rises above a huge boulder, which serves as the altar for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The glimmer of the lights in the deep shadow of the pines, the robes of the priests and the scarlet and white of the acolytes, with the kneeling multitude beyond the stream bowed in silent adoration as the Sacred Host is lifted above their heads, while no sound is heard in the densely peopled solitude save the tinkling of the bell and the lapping of the waves on the

rocks, make a picture that can never be effaced from the memory. How different is all this from the terrible twenty-ninth of September long ago!

CHAPTER X.

JEAN LALANDE

OF Jean Lalande, the heroic companion of Father Jogues in the last bloody battle for Christ, we know very little, except that he was a *donné,* that is, one who had given himself as a lay-helper of the missionaries in their work of converting the Indians. The *donnés* made the following vow to the Superior of the Mission: "I the undersigned declare that of my individual and free will I have given myself to the Society of Jesus to serve and assist, with all of my power and diligence, the Fathers of the said Society who work for the salvation and conversion of souls and particularly those who are employed in the conversion of the poor savages and barbarians of New France among the Hurons, and this in such method and dress as shall be required and as shall be judged most suitable for the greater glory of God, without claiming anything else whatever except to live and die with the same Fathers in whatever part of the world I am required to be with them; leaving to their free disposi-

tion all that concerns me and may belong to me (except what shall be found in a special memorandum drawn up for this purpose) without desiring that any inventory other than this declaration should be made of it—wishing to give up all for God without any reserve or any resource except Himself. In attestation of which I have signed the present declaration which I pray God to bless and forever find acceptable."

The Superior of the Mission thereupon handed him the following certificate: "I the undersigned Superior of the Mission certify by these presents that N. having earnestly represented to us his desire to consecrate himself to the service of our Fathers who are among the Hurons and in other places of New France, as shall be decided to be for the greater glory of God—the same having given us sufficient proof of his piety and fidelity,—we by these presents accept him as a *donné* in the capacity of a domestic servant, during his lifetime, to continue in the same services as in the past, or as in such others as we deem advisable, among the said Hurons or elsewhere, promising on our part to maintain him according to his condition with food and clothing without other wages or claims on

his part and to care for him kindly in case of sickness even to the end of his life, without being able to dismiss him except with his own consent, provided that on his part he continue to live in uprightness, diligence and fidelity to our service as by these presents he promises and binds himself to do."

These *donnés* formed a considerable body of men. In Huronia alone, at the time of the destruction of that mission, there were as many as twenty-two.

The General of the Society objected to the promise of maintenance for life as well he might, for the contract was all one-sided—the *donné,* though protected against expulsion except in case of misconduct, was free at any time to return to his worldly occupations, as nearly all of them did. The clause was in consequence eliminated. One of the first and most conspicuous of these *donnés* was Guillaume Couture, who was at Father Jogues' side when captured by the Mohawks. Like the Huron Indians, he took flight as soon as the enemy appeared, but it was only under the conviction that Father Jogues was with him. Finding his mistake he deliberately turned back and fought his way through the throngs of enemies till he stood all mangled at the

side of the heroic priest who had remained at his post ministering to a dying Indian. Not only that, but his example inspired the Huron chief to do likewise, and together they submitted to the horrible tortures which were a prelude to a still more horrible death. He suffered the same cruelties as Father Jogues at the different stations, but at Ossernenon he was assigned to a different tribe and affiliated to it. Over and over again he succeeded in communicating with Father Jogues, entreating him to escape, which both of them might easily have done. "I only remain here," he said, "because of you," but the great missionary refused for the reason that he could at least administer the Sacraments to some dying Hurons.

When at last Jogues was rescued, Couture contrived to have himself sent to Three Rivers as a representative of the tribe in the interests of peace. There he met his beloved friend, and never returned to the Mohawks. His career as a *donné* ended at that point. He had a perfect right to do so according to his vow. He married at Quebec and his numerous descendants who are gathered chiefly at Pointe Levis speak with pride of their heroic ancestor.

John Guérin is another one of this class. Lalemant tells us that he had been in the employ of the Fathers for twenty years, and he speaks in glowing terms of his virtue and fidelity. He had served the missionaries in all their fields of labor, among the Iroquois, Hurons, Abenaki, and Algonquins, and he accompanied the venerable Father Ménard to central New York in 1656. When those missions were temporarily suspended Ménard left his Cayugas, who had horribly maltreated him, and directed his steps to the far West, only to die in the swamps of Wisconsin. With him was Guérin. In the "Parkman Club Publications" No. 11, we find that Guérin remained in the West in charge of the infant church which the priest had established at Keweena Bay. Such was Guérin's career.

Thwaites, in his Notes on the Relations informs us that Francis Malherbe was one of the most prominent of the Jesuit *donnés* in Canada. When still very young he was employed as a domestic in the Jesuit Huron Mission. When a little older, he became a *donné,* and after the martyrdom of de Brébeuf and Lalemant, he was admitted to the Society as a lay-brother. Perhaps it was contact with the sacred remains that brought him the voca-

tion, for he carried them all the way from the Mission of St. Joseph to St. Mary's and would allow no one to relieve him. Two years later, he became a lay-brother, and the last fourteen years of his life he spent in the Missions of Lake St. John and Chicoutimi. He died in 1696, at the age of seventy, worn out by the hardships he had undergone. Twenty-four years later, (1720) the following note was entered in the diary of the great Saguenay missionary, Father Laure, who is describing the old mission on that river. "A part of the establishment is still there," he says, "you can see they had a large garden and a chapel where Brother Malherbe was buried. Over his grave I planted a cross."

All these were great men; Malherbe however was greater than Couture, for he became a religious; but greatest of all was Lalande who died a martyr.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SHRINE

THESE tragedies occurred at a place now called Auriesville, a station on the West Shore about 40 miles from Albany. The meaning or origin of the name "Auriesville" no one seems to know. Perhaps it has been elaborated from one of the old names of the locality which was Asserua, but it occurs very rarely if at all in the Relations. With its clumsy French suffix *'ville'*, it is a very poor descriptive of the heroic spot. Why not let the little village further up the road keep the name of Auriesville, if it so desires, and apply the heroic and historic appellation of Ossernenon to the territory between Goupil's creek and the Schoharie?

It was first thought that Tribes Hill on the other side of the Mohawk was the sacred place, but the investigations of General John H. Clarke, for many years the State Archeologist and Surveyor who determined the sites of all the old Indian villages of New York, settled, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that

the present Auriesville was the place where Jogues and his companions suffered death.

Satisfied that the exact spot had been determined, ten acres of land were purchased in 1884 by the Rev. Joseph Loyzance S.J., at that time parish priest of St. Joseph's, Troy, N. Y., who all his life had been an ardent student of the early struggles of the missionaries. He erected a small shrine on the hill under the title of Our Lady of Martyrs, and was the first to lead a number of pilgrims to that place. On August 15, 1884, 4000 pious people from Troy and Albany knelt with him around the little shrine, thus inaugurating the series of great pilgrimages that are made there every Sunday in the summer and autumn, not only from the eastern end of the valley, but from Utica and other cities to the west.

Hundreds of acres have been added to the original purchase. The shrine stands upon a hill at one of the bends of the river, chosen by the Indians so as to be better able to detect the approach of the enemies from the east or west. It is reached by the West Shore R. R. The nearest town on the east is Amsterdam which is on the other side of the river. On the west, is Fonda, near which is the site of the old Indian town of Gandaouagé where James de

Lamberville discovered the saintly Tegakwitha. This is also on the north side. Beyond those towns, far away to the north, tower the Adirondacks, while on the south, at the foothills of the Catskills nestles Ossernenon close by the Schoharie that carries the mountain torrents into the beautiful Mohawk. Its tragic history has made it one of the most sacred places on the Western Hemisphere and thither, as we have said, every summer and autumn thousands of pious pilgrims wend their way to kneel at the shrine and to gain inspiration to fight their battle in life, inspired by the splendid example of their great martyrs.

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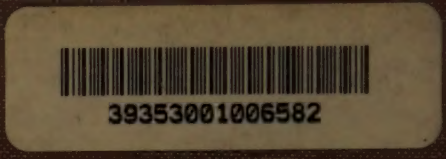
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